COLLECTOR'S LUCK *in* SPAIN

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

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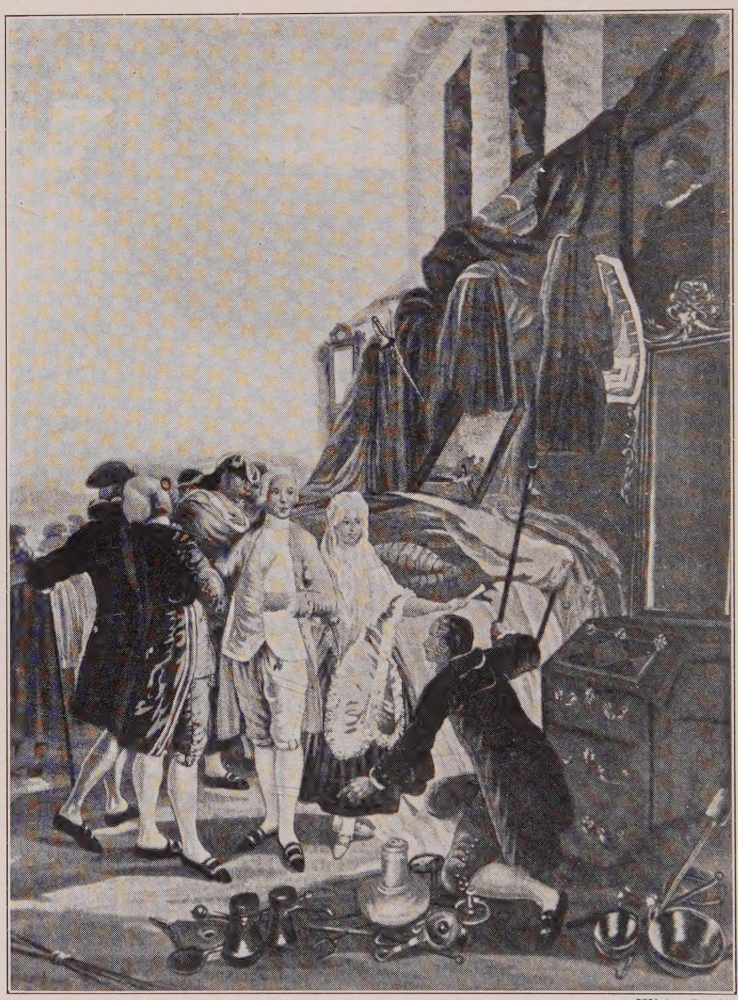

White Studio

Goya's cartoon, "The Old Curiosity Shop," actually a stall at the Rastro

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN SPAIN

By

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

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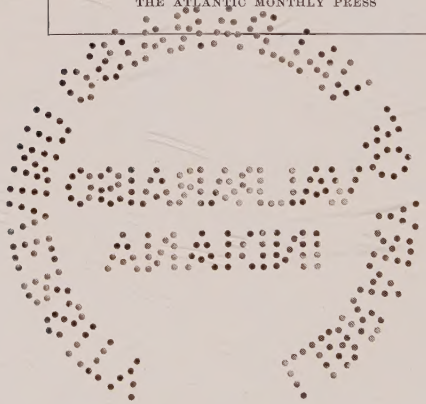

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DEDICATION

First to Miguel de Cervantes and Théophile Gautier, two gallant gentlemen who traveled with me all through Spain; next to the friends I wished were with us: L. B. and Petie, Jo and Arch, my "Namesake," Betty, and Peg and Jan, I dedicate this book

50933

A WORD TO THE WISE

WHEN you go to Spain remember Sancho Panza's warning to Don Quixote, "Nor is it right of your worship to ask me to make new customs." And they 're very good customs, really; you 'll get along with them well enough as they are, and you do not need to change them, although, when I was there, I must admit that if I could have been given a transitory Spanish dictatorship, I should have gone so far as keeping the Prado open in the afternoon. That was one of the few inconveniences I found myself lamenting at Madrid. But as material things go, — late breakfasts, later lunches, latest dinners, siestas in the afternoon, and bed long after midnight, — why, all those soon became our easy habits. And as to Spanish food, it has been greatly maligned; true, it is overabundant, but you can always cut your meal to suit your appetite, and then how very much better to have it this way than quite the reverse. We liked very nearly everything (I qualify this statement only because my daughter showed so marked a distaste for *mantecado*), but I must admit that the fruit was a disappointment, and that except for melons and figs it is much inferior to anything we know at home. Still, the coffee is delicious, the wines, less good than French, are nevertheless very palatable; the cold drinks are excellent, and not so hard on the constitution as our ice-cream sodas.

Yes, you can be very comfortable in Spain; Spaniards have the same genius for architecture as the English, but while England builds snugly, to fight a gray, cold climate,

Spain banishes the torrid heat by the height of its lofty ceilings and the coolness of its tiled floors. In general the walls are whitewashed; I think it was only in Palma, where the hotel was under Swiss management, that we suffered from gaudy floral papers, with fat, sprawling blossoms, evil things that made you hot just to look at them. Moreover, landlords in Spain understand a becoming simplicity, know that fair spaces are to be admired, not annihilated. No stereotyped pictures or bleak engravings blemish the walls; a stray sunbeam slides through the *jalousies* and touches the gay colors of a rug lying upon the black and white tiles, or deepens the tones of a bowl filled with flowers. That is all, for Spain is too brilliant without not to be tranquil within.

Ease and beauty and so little to pay for it! Recently, one of my friends asked me if she would have to spend forty dollars a day to be comfortable in Spain. I laughed, and told her that we had managed to be very happy on three — that is, for board and lodging. It's quite true; sometimes it was even less, and sometimes, too, we stayed at the best hotel in town. Not often, I'll confess; they were usually second-class hotels, but then they were much better than the same grade of French or English inn, and the service was certainly superior. And — except for Toledo and Burgos — cleaner; I left Spain with the impression that, between church and scrubbing the floors, women must spend most of their time on their knees! But I am honest enough to confess that the beds are not so inviting to repose as they are in France.

And the railways were a pleasant surprise. We'd been told that Spanish trains never started, and, if they did,

never got there! We heard dire tales of departures at three o'clock in the morning and arrivals at midnight, but such was not our experience; we made very good connections, and I think that nine at night was the latest hour we reached any town. Already I have described the price and process of getting a kilometric ticket. The price I repeat; forty-five dollars bought us the right to travel three thousand kilometres First Class; for this comparatively small sum we went from as far east and north as Barcelona to as far south and west as Seville, and this counts in several trips back and forward to Madrid. Occasionally we took a *train de luxe*, which was supplementary; I urge you to try this method at least once, for it is a very amusing extravagance. The only real fault I have to find with the system is that instead of sensibly tearing off the appropriate number of miles when you are safely seated in your compartment, you have to wait at the ticket window, prove that you are free, white, and twenty-one, in fact, rehearse your whole family history while an impatient line champs behind you, frantic at the blowing whistles. Just here, Orde, looking over my shoulder, tells me that I exaggerate, and that what really takes the time is not the identification of the photographs pasted in each book, but the fact that the official has to reissue a ticket that will permit you to get on the train. However, this is one of the things that I am convinced we manage better in America; one of the new customs I would ask their worships to make.

If you speak French you won't find much difficulty in getting about, though I was very grateful for the assistance my family were to me when it came to small shops and

rag fairs. In the South, at Granada and Ronda, and, of course, around Gibraltar, a great many of the people speak English, a thing that is true also in parts of the Balearic Islands. Indeed, friends of ours, quite innocent of any language but their own, traveled very successfully — apparently on gestures. Still, that's rather an underrating of their abilities; they did have a few Spanish words, and, as a result, one engaging experience. Now, first I must explain that "please" is *sírvase*, "beer" *cerveza;* the first they knew, the second they did n't, but both, pronounced by an American tongue, sound very much alike. It was a sultry day, and, sitting at a sidewalk café, they had been longing for cooling draughts, praising with eloquence the joy of foaming tankards, and desperately regretting the barrier of language that prevented them from getting a drink of beer. Then, being civil-spoken, they prefaced their halting request for sandwiches by the word *sírvase*, and were enchanted when the waiter, dashing away, hurried back with three tall frothy glasses, beaming all over at having understood their commands. So you see, just as in the fairy tale "Diamonds and Toads," pleasant phrases are most profitable.

But swift understanding, trying to be agreeable, seem to me the keynote of the Spanish character. Less ostentatiously polite than the French, I really think they are warmer-hearted; indeed, at times we were almost embarrassed by their attentions; we had to stop asking the way from casual by-passers, for it simply meant that they would turn with us and go streets out of their way to see that we reached our proper destination. And shake hands with us, and wish us well when we parted! I know I talk

as if I had made Spain, but it *is* such a beautiful country, so kind a people! I even like the beggars — some of them. Though not in Seville, where the filthy persistent gypsies rob you of every romantic feeling you once had about Carmen. But I do not let my mind dwell on these marauders; I remember instead the tall old man at Salamanca, white-bearded and dignified in his blue smock, who asked alms only in the morning, and then proudly saluted us the rest of the day. Or the little black-eyed urchin at Toledo who informed me solemnly that two coppers was *más pequeño* for showing us the way to El Transito, whereupon I gave him two more, just because he was pretty, and had a captivating grin. Most of the people who beg are so poor that you must not grudge the small coins you bestow, and never forget that Saturday is Beggars' Day. Keep plenty of change, for then you must never refuse — again an old custom not to be altered.

I am almost at the end of my rambling advice; the rest deals with books. Take the riches of Spain along in your mind, and you'll bring them back increased tenfold. First and last and always, *Don Quixote;* without that best and most human of all books you'll never understand Spain, and, by a twisting of terms, Spain will help you to know Don Quixote. Then there's the delightful Gautier with his *Voyage en Espagne*, written nearly a hundred years ago, but still a true and vivid picture to-day, and for full measure of French wit and comprehension add Martinenche's *Propos d'Espagne*. And I liked Dos Passos's *Rosinante to the Road Again* better than Frank's *Virgin Spain;* you may disagree with me, but both are more than well worth reading. They are for the inner

spirit of the country, but even more, for these intangible values, I would recommend Havelock Ellis's *Soul of Spain*, a revealing and beautiful book. McBride's *Spanish Towns and People*, Hutton's *Cities of Spain*, and Marden's *Travels in Spain* are interesting and full of information, and naturally you will not neglect old Richard Ford, one of the pioneers of Spanish travel, or George Borrow's *Bible in Spain*. Less well known, but very charming, is Bensusan's *Home Life in Spain*, and most Americans are already familiar with Hay's *Castilian Days*. There are two excellent books on Mallorca: Ada Harrison's *A Majorca Holiday* and Henry Shelley's *Mallorca*, and, if you like invective, you might glance through George Sand's *Un Hiver à Majorque;* she loved the place and hated the people! Allison Peers has written very agreeably of Santander, Seville, and Granada, and I enjoyed his compiled history, *Spain*, though I am even more partial to Sedgwick's *Short History of Spain*. Galdos paints the breadth of his native land, but for regional novelists read Pardo Bazan for Galicia, Blasco Ibañez for Valencia, Valera for Andalusia, Valdés for the Asturias, Baroja for Madrid. They all are well translated. And for practical purposes of collecting, you will find the publications of the Hispanique Society dealing with glass, faïence, wrought iron, and so on, valuable aids to a surer knowledge. There is much more, of course, but now I am concerned only with pointing out pleasant pathways wherein to loiter as you build your castles in Spain; in other words, wait for your sailings to Vigo or Barcelona.

Alice Van Leer Carrick

CONTENTS

	A Word to the Wise	vii
I	Spain Begins	3
II	The Elysian Fields	31
III	Two Royal Cities	65
IV	Andalusia: The Promised Land	95
V	Old Castile	145
	List of Shops	193

ILLUSTRATIONS

Goya's cartoon, "The Old Curiosity Shop," actually a stall at the Rastro . . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Cathedral at Barcelona, near which the antiquity shops cluster 17

Lantern pierced with lunettes, two early candlesticks, and four Phœbe lamps 18

The Tarragona knocker and three pieces of old wrought iron . . . 23

Two stenciled trays unearthed at Soler's barraca 24

Gaudí's flaunting Cathedral, the unfinished Sagrada Famiglia at Barcelona 27

A group of Catalan copper and brass 28

A typical Mallorcan countenance 37

A peasant's house characteristic of Mallorca 38

A walnut side chair with its original seat of striped reed, and a lyre-backed settee of mulberry wood 43

Two views of the seventeenth-century oak box with inlaid lid . . . 44

The Cathedral at Palma 47

The castle and harbor at Alicante 48

Two "Gaudy Dutch bowls" and a mug that may have hailed from Staffordshire; two plates of Manises faïence from Valencia, the third a Talavera 61

"Birthday fan" of painted vellum with ivory sticks inlaid with gold and silver, bought at Alicante 62

Calle Alcalá, Madrid's business centre, with the Bank of Spain to the right 67

Pressed-glass saltcellars and two lacy plates 68

The most engaging cocktail tray in Spain, and a glove box of papier-mâché lacquered and brilliantly inlaid 77

A decanter with sprigged pattern, a festooned tumbler, and a carafe of La Granja glass 78

A corner in the tiled patio once owned by Joanna the Mad . . . 87

A pair of eighteenth-century walnut chairs from Toledo, rather reminiscent of the French type from which Chippendale elaborated his ribbon backs; a hoof-foot walnut chair bought at Toledo, and a spindle chair of beech from Navarre . . . 88

Papier-mâché hand screens, charmingly gilded and with mother-of-pearl flowers, from Toledo 91

A charming room in a charming Toledo shop 92

The Mihrab at Córdoba 101

Old wrought iron from Córdoba: a parilla and a long fork to twirl it with; a trivet; a pretty mariposera; a looped clava and knocker 102

A typical patio in Córdoba 105

The Plaza del Potro, Córdoba 106

A rare wrought-iron candelero found at Córdoba, probably of the seventeenth century 111

The Giralda, once the muezzin tower of the old Seville mosque . . 112

Copper chocolate jugs from Córdoba and Seville 115

Rush-seated Empire chairs painted with scenes from Don Quixote, and a mahogany sofa of the Directoire type, found at Seville 116

The Gate of Justice and the fountain of Charles V on the Alhambra Hill 129

The entrance to the Generalife, the Summer Palace at Granada . . 130

Paste earrings and necklace bought in Seville; earrings from Córdoba and silver necklace from Granada 137

Silver tongs, eighteenth-century Cordobán work, and a silver cigarette case of the same date, from Granada; two engraved brass cigarette cases from Córdoba and Granada 138

An Alpujarras coverlet of watchet-blue and creamy white 141

The gate of Almodovar at Córdoba 142

Ávila, "a girdled mediæval town" 149

The late Gothic monastery of Santo Tomas, Ávila 150

Cut-work linen strip from Ávila, nearly fifty inches in length and two feet wide 155

Peasant embroidery from Segovia 156

The immense aqueduct at Segovia, built by the Romans over two thousand years ago without the use of cement 161

The Alcázar at Segovia 162

Plaza Mayor at Salamanca — "the prettiest arcaded square in all Spain" 171

A crudely carved pine box from Salamanca 172

Silver buttons and "Turk's head" clasp from Salamanca 177

Carved bone folding spoons from Salamanca 179

The "sampler" drinking horn from Burgos 180

A Spanish candelero which was found north of the Pyrenees . . . 183

An engraved brass box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell, from Burgos; and silver buckles, also from Burgos 184

The Esplanade at Burgos, with the Cathedral in the distance; the Arco de Santa María, Burgos 189

A street scene in Burgos 190

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN SPAIN

I

SPAIN BEGINS

Do you remember that blessed April week I spent with you three years ago in San Antonio? Do you remember, when we drove to the old missions, or fed Oswald in the lily pond as we rested between the whirling festivities, or shopped in the old Mexican Quarter, how we talked of Spain, and I promised, if ever I went there, that my first letter should be written to you? Well, my dears, here it is, and here am I in Barcelona, a vivid, varied, tremendous city, as old as Hamilcar Barca, and as new as the flaunting, fantastic architecture of Señor Gaudi.

We are beginning our Spanish journey in Catalonia quite by accident; we had intended to come in by Portugal, spend a fortnight there, and then go on from Lisbon to Seville. But we were too late for any good Southern sailings, and so we came by way of Havre, loitering a week in Paris, partly because I had a very uncomfortable attack of flu, and partly because it is always next to impossible to tear Orde and Alicia away from this most beloved of cities. They enjoyed it; I did n't, though twice I rose from my weary couch: first to see Raquel Meller's new revue, "Paris-Madrid" (wonderful Spanish dancing,

but she herself a shade less charming; I'd rather enjoy this divine *diseuse* entirely alone, and not encumbered by a mob of Raquel's Boys), and next to have rather a wan and ghostly picture taken for my kilometric ticket.

It's really much wiser to get these formal, stiffly bound yellow books in Paris, and go through all the consular formalities here — a lot of them, I assure you; Orde spent many tiresome hours trudging and taxi-ing about, and once was almost bayoneted out of the Embassy because, I think, they suspected him of wanting to throw a bomb at Alphonso, who was paying a visit at the time. But there would have been even more red tape to untie at the Spanish border, and now we are safely across with three thousand kilometres to our credit, First Class, and all for forty-five dollars apiece. I emphasize this since it's a wiser plan than taking the Circular Ticket, which compels you to a prescribed route and given dates. Until the first of October we are as free as the wind; we may blow hither and yon, where we list and when we like.

Another bit of advice: if you are traveling straight from Paris come *de luxe;* then you won't have any luggage difficulties; I never passed the customs with such ease or was treated with so much deference. Actually it was an unheard-of extravagance for this family to take a wagon-lit; moreover, we always like to see the countryside we are passing through. But Orde thought I was too ill to risk stopping over at the

various towns we at first had planned to visit, and so now, like the sorrowful old French peasant, I have never seen Carcassonne. Or, at least, only from the train. We got up at five to watch its towers and walls outlined against a cloudless morning sky; it was so enchantingly romantic that even Alicia, who is a shameless dormouse, thanked us for dragging her from her drowsy berth.

Altogether, from Perpignan down, the journey was the most beautiful one we have ever taken: the intensely blue Mediterranean on one side, the rocky Pyrenees on the other. A tawny harvest landscape set with clumps of sombre cypress trees and little whitewashed villages, all whirled together, for it was a very rapid *rapide*, and after we had changed at Port Bou (we had an odd big compartment with comfortable enough chairs, a table, and a very pink drawing-roomish lamp, quite unlike anything I ever saw before), the country became more Spanish with every mile. I think our especial joy was the *guardia civil*, — two travel with every train, you know, — and they were so picturesque with their gray-green uniforms picked out in scarlet and yellow, their bright leather shoulder-belts and their shiny hats, wide and turned up at the back, that, feeling they would fade like a dream, and not realizing how constant a part of the Spanish scene they were to be, I stole softly up behind one of them and touched him reverently, as if he were a relic.

I still am aware of my blessings, and count them over, every pearl apart, delighted at the difference in the dailiness of our life over here. Our hotel, for example, is an interesting place, and very native. We always travel with the *Guides Bleues*, for they never recommend any place that is n't dependably comfortable and clean, and since they give all prices, you can make your own pocketbook choice. In the list the one that pleased us most was the only starred restaurant, Martin's, on the Rambla del Centro, where there was not only highly praised food, but a few upper rooms to let to travelers. Chance put us at the back of the house, and so we are remote from this modern tumult, being just at the edge of the Old Town with its narrow, crooked streets and its tall church towers. And we look into an ancient garden, neglected now, but once, I am sure, part of the pleasure grounds of some great house. The high walls are ivy-grown, magnolias and oleanders contrast their blossoms with the dark background of evergreens, and gay *cortinas* that let in the air and keep out the sun splash color everywhere. By day women chatter around a huge stone trough as they wash their clothes, small gray burros bray far down below in the little lane that divides us from the garden, and men, dragging hurdy-gurdies that play popular Spanish tunes and very familiar American airs, stop to catch in outstretched berets the copper coins we toss from our balcony.

At night it's as quiet as a Spanish city, where nobody ever goes to bed, can possibly be. The frogs in the fountain croak, and some pampered parrot, who once heard a nightingale and so fancies himself a bird of song, bursts into a shrill, high, unmelodious trill, and wakes us up. Otherwise we are undisturbed until Bonaventura, bearing our morning coffee, taps at our door at half-past eight. Our unnaturally early rising, I may add, is the amazement of the whole hotel, just as our desiring to dine at nine instead of ten-thirty is their amiable despair; they simply cannot understand such hours. I daresay our characters are being insidiously undermined, but, oh, I do adore the repose of our life interpreted by Spanish service! Talk about the Arabian nights, and clapping your hands, and having black slaves appear! Whenever we go in or out our swarthy little maid is there like a flash, quite as if we had rubbed the magic lamp; apparently the hands of the señores must not be sullied by such unworthy things as keys.

In the dining room the waiters buzz around us like so many benevolent bees, for Martin's is n't at all a tourist place, and our absurd hours do not invite a crowd of the more delaying natives. We are curiosities to them as well as clients; we speak in French — very well understood here in Barcelona — and they, after demanding the English equivalents, tell us the Spanish and Catalan names for the different dishes, for Orde's Castilian is rusty, Alicia's

just beginning, and mine not at all. But, oh, the honey, otherwise the food, that they proffer! Soups quite as satisfying as at our chosen Paris restaurant, potatoes like Antoine's, and an apotheosis of fried sole that is, I believe, first of all dipped in a thin batter, and then immersed in a cauldron of bubbling olive oil. I had always heard that Spain was still in the Middle Ages, but I never really believed it until I was served a salmi of *pavo* (peacock), and pray apologize to Oswald, for I am sure I have been devouring his goldfish brethren. The local wines are not so delicate as the French, but the coffee is far better, — it lacks only cream to be as good as our own at home, — while the *croissants*, served with our great fragrant bowls of *café au lait*, are flakier and more delicious than any we have ever eaten. Perhaps it is too soon to judge Spanish food, and perhaps, too, the fact that our host is a Limousin by birth may make a difference, but certainly, so far, we have fared more than well, and hope entirely to disprove the counsels of assiduous friends who left us feeling that bread and eggs would be the only safe nourishment to take.

I seem to be speaking just of material things, but truly we are so comfortable, and so delightedly surprised after all the warnings we received, at the pleasant ease of our life. After a leisurely negligée breakfast, we dress, make our plans for the day, and saunter out on the Rambla, only to stop at some sidewalk café and drink frozen coffee, very black and

heartening, or *horchata de chufas*, mild and milky and completely Spanish, and have our shoes shined. The *limpiabotas* is so much a part of every day here that not employing his services would be something like leaving Spain without buying a fan. They are marvels, these men and boys who drift by the cafés: brown jewels, no less, our shoes are when they are through with their meticulous polishing. Always smiling, they converse amiably as they work, asking questions about New York skyscrapers and the Statue of Liberty, and I rejoice that I am a foreigner, not a real señora to whom these simple diversions would be denied. Indeed, a seat on the Rambla is the equivalent of a chair on the Boulevard; you sit there and watch the world go by. A colorless crowd, on the whole, and disappointing if you expect costume, for the women wear black almost without exception, and mantillas are rare. Bright fans, which even stout old gentlemen carry, and gay clusters of red and yellow balloons seem only to emphasize the monotony.

These idle preliminaries once over, we are ready for business or pleasure: sight-seeing or shopping or antique-ing or merely strolling about. Barcelona is an amazing city, and full of startling contradictions; its manufactures are the most important in all Spain, yet no smoke disfigures its beauty, the factories being wisely placed in the outskirts. Walk ten minutes up the Rambla, always crowded from morning till

long after midnight, yet sparing space for bird and flower markets, and you reach the Plaza de Cataluña, a vast, magnificent, modern square, guarded by great stone lions and sprayed by many fountains. And yet, in spite of all this water and the cascades that dash away at the Exposition, women and children come out from the little streets and fill their pitchers at the side-wall *fuentes* just as they must have done centuries ago. Keep on for ten minutes more and you approach the splendid Paseo de Gracia, an imposing avenue which, at a conservative guess, is rather more than twice the width of our boasted Commonwealth in Boston. Or, again, walk from our hotel toward Santa Eulalia, the Old Cathedral, and at once you are back in the Middle Ages; the narrow ways tangle and cross and, as everybody walks in the centre of the road, no vehicle can go much faster than a snail's pace. Hucksters stride along, on their heads flat wicker baskets heaped with silver fish or peppers or purple onions. I long to buy something, *anything*, but I have to refuse even when it is a touching offer of small woolly puppies, or a pink baby pig, much too young to have been separated from its mother.

No, my purchases must be antiquities alone, and that is why, as you may guess, my steps are frequently bent Cathedral-wards, for, just as in English and Continental cities, that is where such shops are gathered. I have had some luck, not overwhelming,

but then, I am going slow in this unfamiliar land, and waiting till I really know the market. Besides, I always insist on carrying a good many of my treasures, and I don't want to make my family too miserable at first. I 've done one wise thing, though, studied the collections at the Museum, an excellent one for the provinces, and now I feel as if I knew something about Catalan iron and the faïence that was made at Manises and Alcora. I am ready for bargains if a beneficent fate throws them in my way.

Altogether, there are seven antiquity shops near the Cathedral: one very grand, so extremely *de luxe* indeed that, after inquiring for silhouettes and learning that none were to be had, I retreated, and tried to console myself in a junky little place a few doors farther down. There I found bits of brocade, cheap enough, but in quite unusable colors; the copper and brass were not too expensive, but nothing my soul craved, and on our Spanish trip I am making this the test. As for the wrought-iron forks and spoons and the intricately fashioned racks from which they hang, I have seen so many of them that I become fearful; sometimes it seems that if all the *espeteras* from the time of Don Roderick and the Moslem invasion had been preserved there could n't possibly be so many of them. The next *antigüedades* was more promising; I looked at several strips of old damasks, very desirable, but, oh, the prices! They would have been far less expensive in several shops I know in

Paris. But there were other things that tempted me: a pair of pressed-glass candlesticks, the middle vintage, for four dollars; some pretty Victorian *papier-mâché* chairs, pearl inlaid, for twelve dollars each, and four eighteenth-century transition chairs, which the young saleswoman, who had a delusion that she spoke our tongue, said came from England, but which I am sure were Spanish under a French influence. I am inclined to get them, for the walnut they use here is dark, quite like mahogany in tone, and they would go admirably in my Hepplewhite bedroom. Besides, they were a genuine bargain — only six dollars apiece.

I liked the next little shop even better; it was so consoling to step from the glare of the Cathedral plaza into its cool darkness and be served by two comely girls dressed in soft gray (a becoming harmony with their antiquities) who did not hover distractingly over you, but who were ready with intelligent information if you wanted it. There was some interesting enameled glass, the kind they call *esmalte*, very much resembling the flowered Bristol of the early nineteenth century, but with an odd little Spanish twist to it. None of it, however, overpersuaded my fancy, and then, I hesitate to begin my journey with such fragile trophies. The samplers — which we are learning to call *tachados* (tasks) — tempted me much less; they were little akin to the gorgeous stitcheries in Mrs. Harper's collection,

and, unfortunately perhaps, I have taken her treasures as my standard. In fact, *tachado* seems to be an all-inclusive term, for shopkeepers, once the request is made, are constantly bringing out hideous Victorian woolwork pictures and beaded monstrosities; so far I have not seen what I should call a fine, characteristic sampler in Barcelona.

But I did consider two quaint and inexpensive trays: one only nine dollars, a great yellow oval with a pierced rim and a black transfer scene depicting a Moorish lord surrounded by his harem; the other, three dollars less, showing a black background stenciled with gilt arabesques, and the centre painted with a naïve version of King Ahasuerus extending his sceptre to the shrinking Esther. Though what I really craved was a tortoise-shell snuffbox, with a profiled lady painted in shadowy monochromes upon the lid. She was only twelve dollars, but I 'm sure she was French, not Spanish, and it is these rarer national types I am hunting for my collection. Still, I may go back and get the pretty thing yet; she would slip so easily into my pocket, and my stern family could not justly object to such small outlays either of space or of cash. As for the trays, I could fit them in a seventeenth-century Aragonese chest, well carved and with a scalloped skirt, priced a hundred and ten pesetas (little more than fifteen dollars), which I found in another shoplet on our way home from Santa Eulalia.

I know all this sounds as if I were a shillyshallier of the worst description — that maddening sort of person who never gets round to buying anything until it is too late, and then makes her friends' lives miserable by regrets. Well, if you think so you 're wrong: I 've bought heaps of oddments for very little money; so desirable that I want to keep every piece myself, and so cheap that if I lost them all to-morrow I should n't be financially ruined. Moreover, I found them at the sort of place that is my delight, and that I was beginning to believe did not exist in Barcelona. Here there seems to be no exact equivalent of the Caledonian Market or the Marché aux Puces, a fact discouraging enough to daunt any collector, and I was just giving up hope when, in a search for the little deserted church of San Pau del Camp, famous for having the smallest cloisters in all Spain, we stumbled on a crisscross of narrow streets, vendors on the pavements, fishwives in between, selling a jumble of fruit and flowers and crabs and buttons and eels and pottery. Spaced here and there were a few shabby shops; nothing of interest in them, but in the last an obliging woman volunteered the information that it might be the Señora would find what she wanted at El Cantes, apparently a sort of street fair held every Wednesday and Friday. So we hopped into a taxi, for as yet we are not sufficiently conversant with the city directions to depend upon tramways; besides, cabs are deliciously

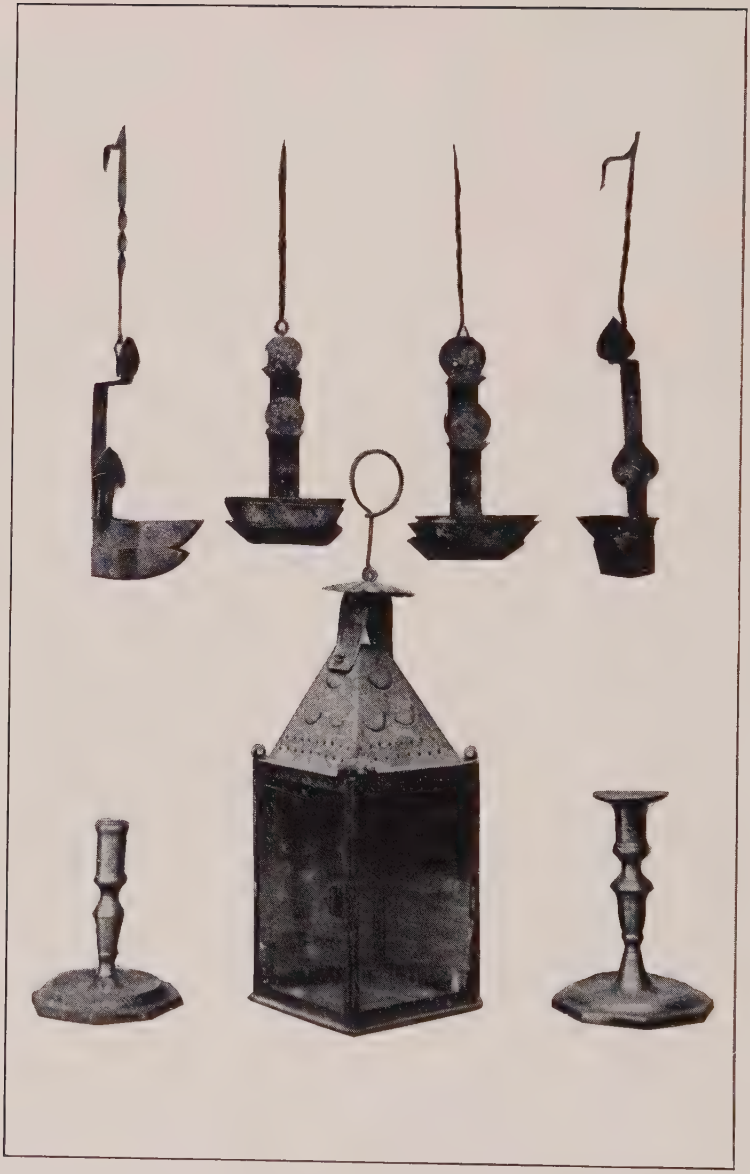
cheap, almost as inexpensive as they are in Paris, and if you take a David or an Allianza or a Barcelona taxi there are no tips, those percentages so constantly perplexing to the foreigner.

In itself the fair was a disappointment, everything very modern, but we persisted, and asked questions, and eventually Manuel Soler was our reward. I insist on giving you his full address so that you may go there the minute you have brushed the train dust out of your clothes; here it is — Calle Florida Blanca, Barraca 6. Actually the *barraca* was just a little series of cubbyholes with dirt floors; a bedraggled *cortina* shut out most of the dazzling sunshine and certainly all of the refreshing air, and behind its sheltering folds Señora Soler was busy washing snails for the approaching *almuerzo*. They were very sudsy-looking things, and we stopped for a moment while she explained how she cooked them with peppers and leeks, and garlic, of course, before we walked on through the corridors to bang our heads on the wrought-iron stalactites that menaced every step. Such a wilderness there was to choose from! Señor Soler lit a queer old brass lamp, and we peered into the gloom of *armarios* filled with gleaming metals and old faïence, and pulled out trays and trivets and sturdy toasting forks. And for thirty pesetas — he made us a lump price — I bought two candlesticks, a stenciled tray, a pierced lantern and a wrought-iron standard, an incense burner, and

four Phœbe lamps. The brass candlesticks are quite charmingly shaped, both with octagonal bases, while one has the socket-hole which, in France, betokens the seventeenth century. I should place the perfume burner a little later; it looks like a tiny warming pan lacking the lid, and I think I won't replace the missing wooden handle it once must have had, but keep it just as it is for an ash tray. The lantern, pierced with a double row of holes below and lunettes above, is to hang over my kitchen sink, and the Phœbe lamps I bought, not for any special use, but because they are precisely like the ones we are familiar with in New England, but which are usually too expensive to buy so lavishly.

I was disappointed not to find an impressive knocker for your very Spanish door, but all the really fine, massive pieces were reproductions. Señor Soler is scrupulously honest, and tells you very frankly just what is new, what old, in his amazing jumble. Indeed, I was so delighted with his rectitude and his antiquities that I told him I would recommend him to all my friends, a fact that seemed to weigh very little with him, for he announced with pride that not only did the Ford agents buy from him, but that the American consul and his wife, both of them ardent collectors, were his patrons. Nay, more, had they not, the very day before, brought with them Admiral L——, who had been enchanted with his wares and enthusiastically bought *mucho cobre* (much copper).

The Cathedral at Barcelona, near which the antiquity shops cluster



Lantern pierced with lunettes, two early candlesticks, and four Phœbe lamps

Perhaps I shall find your *picaporta* — the Catalan name for a knocker — at Tarragona, where we go to-morrow for a few days. Then we 're coming back to Barcelona to pack, and for another visit to the Exposition, and afterwards to Mallorca for a fortnight of quiet beauty before we begin the rapid race that is going to make John Gilpin's ride look like mere ambling.

Whatever you do, don't miss Tarragona. It is n't at all a tourist place — though this may be one of its charms — and I would n't give it a high mark for antiquities, except the sort you can't carry away with you, such as the Cyclopean walls or the great fortress-cathedral of Santa Tecla. It 's just a pleasant provincial city where Time saunters leisurely along. All its mighty days, when more than a million souls lived within its gates, are buried deep in the past; here Hadrian, Octavius, and Galba had their royal palaces, and Pontius Pilate was prætor before he ruled Judæa. But the town is far older than the Roman stones that have built its houses, for it dates back even to the misty, prehistoric days of the Iberians.

From our windows we can watch the sea sparkling blue across the horizon, and five minutes walk from our hotel, past Pilate's Tower and the honey-colored walls of an old monastery, starred thick with brilliant morning-glories, brings us to the Paseo de Pi y Margall, the celebrated Balcony of the Mediterra-

nean, a wide, palm-set avenue from whence we can look down upon the ruins of the ancient amphitheatre and the creamy curves of the bathing beach beyond. We walk here a good deal, too, for, to tell the truth, there is little else to do; Alicia is too tired for very difficult sight-seeing, and so we are somewhat stationary, content with the simple entertainment that every day brings. I think our highest moment came when a young picador, handsome as Valentino, and gay as a butterfly in his spangled suit and vivid pink stockings, brushed by us in the foyer.

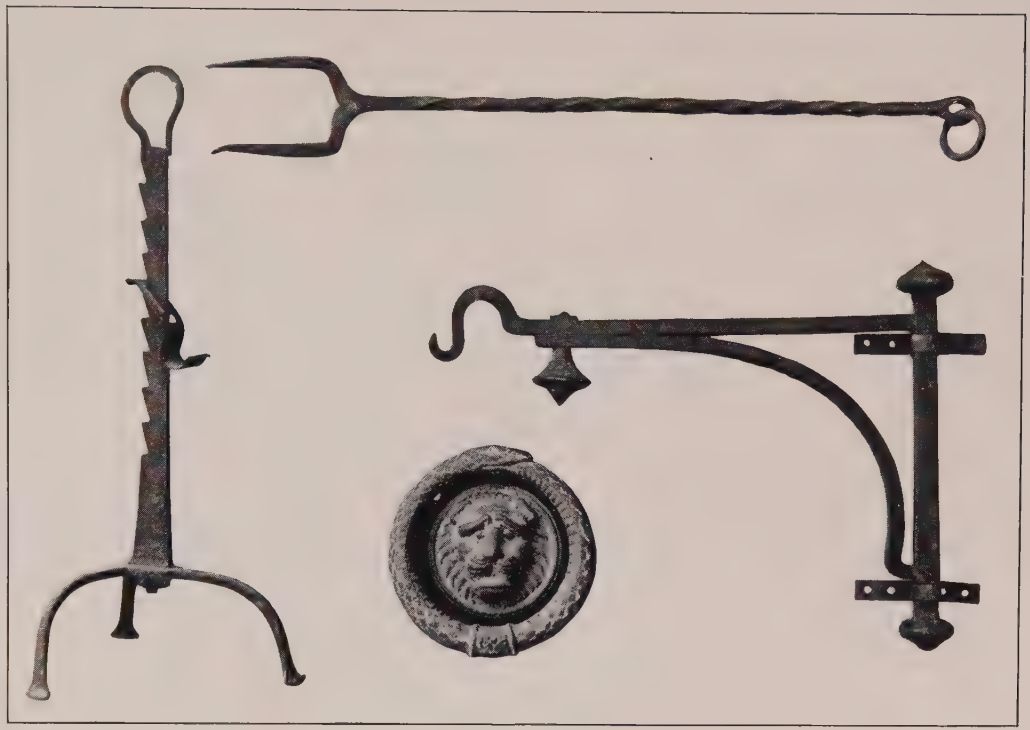
Again we are fortunate in our quarters; the Nacional, where we are stopping, is kept by some Americanos (the Spanish way of describing compatriots who have lived on the other side of the water), and they, with a background of the Biltmore and the Palais d'Or, know how to make us very comfortable indeed. Cocktails every night on the house — how 's that for hospitality? — and succulent regional dishes served with a local wine that is something like sherry. We don't miss New England at all! And we dine in very military society, for Tarragona is a garrison town and all the officers seem to come here for lunch and dinner. Afterwards Orde smokes cigarettes and chats with an old colonel from Almería, who mops his forehead and curses the heat, which, thus far, we have n't minded in the least. I 've suffered far more in Julys at home; indeed, last night we slept under woolen blankets.

I am not so idle as I appear; I *have* been antiqueing, and I *have* found your knocker. Not at either of the Cathedral shops, for they are vastly expensive — one very paltry, the other describing itself as keeping "Antigüedades Precios Muy Limitados." If the proprietress had added the word "Caros" (dear) she would have given a fuller information. Her wares were chiefly ecclesiastical, and there was only one thing I really wanted, a wrought-iron *parrilla* (griddle), and that was so heavy, both as to weight and as to expense, that I left it behind without much regret. No, I bought your *picaporta* at a second-hand shop, a grimy place crowded with copper, brass, and iron utensils that Tarragona housewives had discarded for generations past. Unfortunately our approach had been heralded by a young kinsman, a waiter at the café we frequent, whom we had unwisely overtipped, just because he was spry and willing and a very good-looking lad to boot. He must have hurried off to his aunt with the news that American millionaires were in town, for the prices she charged were certainly in accordance with this theory. So we bargained quite frankly, with the result that the knocker dropped from fifty to twenty-five pesetas, and she threw in as well a small brass bowl with bail handles of heavy iron.

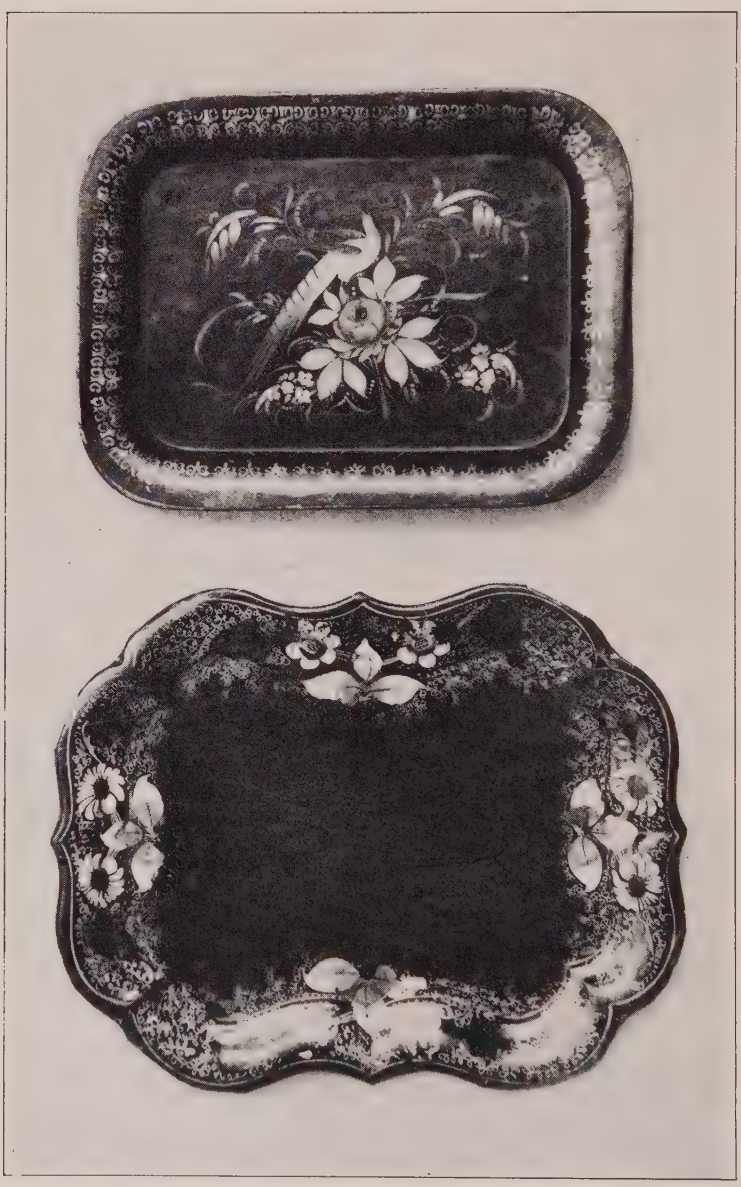
The *picaporta* is a characteristic Catalan design; I saw a number of serpent patterns in the Barcelona Museum, and yours shows a snake holding its tail in

its mouth to form the knocker that beats upon the lion's-head plate. I 'd rather, of course, have had one like the gorgeous Renaissance pair, gargoyles set against a firm yet delicate tracery of leaves and interlaced vines, that adorn the great portal of the Cathedral. Despite Havelock Ellis, Santa Tecla is — to us, at least — incomparably more beautiful than Santa Eulalia. Built on the crest of a hill where first the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood, and next a Moorish mosque, the Cathedral, begun at the end of the twelfth century when Arab raids were still a constant menace, has the aspect of a *donjon* as well as a house of God; it is n't difficult to open the eyes of your imagination and see the militant archbishops girding on their long-swords and sallying forth to repel Moslem forays. The cloisters, however, are less massive in effect, gracious and stately with a fair inner garden, and I know you will like to linger as we did in the dappled sunshine and trace the symbolism of the curiously wrought capitals. Just as most tourists, we paused longest before the Procesión de los Ratos; I wonder if, as the guidebook suggests, it is a fable in stone relating the struggle between sovereign and vassal.

Yes, there are plenty of innocent diversions within the limits of Tarragona itself: the stretching view from the windy, high Archbishop's Palace, the Moorish arches set in the walls of the old houses clustered about the Cathedral, cool *cervezas* drunk in a pavilion



The Tarragona knocker and three pieces of old wrought iron



Two stenciled trays unearthed at Soler's *barraca*

built out over the water, the always lovely Balcony of the Mediterranean, and fat, heavenly cocoanut cakes we buy at a pastry shop that bears the somewhat pretentious name of La Sarah Bernhardt. I am almost sorry we have to go back to Barcelona. But we do, and again I must pack — immediately. I 'll add another little line before we set sail for the Hesperides.

We 're still here; we 've been here for days and days, and Heaven knows when we shall be able to leave. Such a dreadful thing has happened! We went for a last evening visit to the Exposition: the lights are the most marvelous, brilliant things, you know — Fairyland is too mild a comparison; it 's like the stately pleasure domes of Kubla Khan bursting suddenly upon an enchanted vision. But, notwithstanding all the Aladdin magic, with rainbow cascades and colored fountains that would have made poor Boabdil weep even more profusely than when he was banished from his leafy, murmuring Granada, I wonder if it was worth what it cost us. For, coming home about two o'clock, Orde's pocket was picked, and almost all our money *and* our letter of credit was stolen by a wretched *carterista*, whose neck I should like to wring! We spend our time cabling London and visiting Barcelona police stations. I suppose I can put it down to experience, and, assuredly, if ever I want to write a sordid Spanish

novel of the Pio Baroja type, I 'll know this side of it, anyway. Maybe that adjective, though, is a little undeserved; the police themselves were very polite persons, and when I nearly swooned at the sight of the bloody prisoners that were being brought in, they gallantly showed me to the balcony, where I played with the pet turtles and fed them lettuce leaves. Ah, well, as Sancho Panza says, "there is a remedy for everything but death," and all three of us are optimistic by nature.

The hotel proprietor is more than kind — tells us not to worry at all about our bill, and that Martin's is quite at our service. Fortunately we had a few hundred pesetas cached in our wardrobe, and so we are extracting the precious jewel from the head of this particular venomous toad of ours by doing inexpensive everyday things like feeding the pigeons in the beautiful Zoölogical Gardens, — there 's a very amusing bear there, too, just the color of a Teddy, who curves out a beseeching paw for carrots, — drinking *horchatas* at Barceloneta, one of the prettiest public beaches I have ever seen; marveling again at the gorgeous monstrosities of Gaudi's cathedral, the great, unfinished Sagrada Famiglia, and riding on the funicular up to the top of Tibidabo, where, according to local belief, Satan tempted Christ. And, speaking of funiculars, we have also gone on a wonderful, terrifying jaunt to Montserrat. In spite

Gaudi's flaunting Cathedral, the unfinished Sagrada Famiglia at Barcelona

A group of Catalan copper and brass

of my agonies I commend it to you, all of it: the deep valleys stained with imperishable hues, the ancient black virgin Saint Luke is said to have carved, and Michael O'Ferral, the monastery interpreter, veteran of five campaigns and soldier of fortune, very much at your service.

I am beginning to think the uses of adversity, well, at least sweetish. I have spent a few more pesetas from our dwindling hoard, and unearthed at Soler's *barraca* another tray, this time a pie-crust with a decoration of luminous scarlet blossoms and green and silver leaves, for eight pesetas; another Phœbe lamp, three; an adjustable trivet for the *parrilla* I hope some day to find, three more; and several brass and copper pieces — the cheapest three pesetas, the most expensive fifteen.

But our great discovery is Conchita Tapia, the most entrancing Spanish dancer I have ever seen; far, far better than anyone in Meller's show. Her name deserves to be blazoned in glittering lights on Broadway, and yet here she is performing nightly in an humble little *café chantant*, ingenuously called the Folies-Bergère. There is no admission; all you do is to buy a drink or two and sit there, enduring the first pathetically ludicrous part until, at eleven-thirty, she sweeps on like a flaming meteor. We 're off now to spend seven pesetas seeing her "Viva Huelva," a poem of defiant beauty.

Glory be! Our letter of credit has just been returned by an honest street-sweeper who found it in the gutter outside the Exposition gates. We leave for Palma on the evening boat, and this really is good-bye. For now, I mean, but perhaps next April, when the bluebonnets are out, you 'll hear me at your friendly door, rat-tat-tatting away on the Tarragona knocker.

II

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

The Balaeric Isles

The noonday sun is blazing down and throwing silver reflections on an incredibly blue sea, a paint blue, bluer even than the hot arch of the sky, and, completely lazy and comfortable and contented, I am sitting here on the wide verandah trying to write at least the beginning of my letter to you before Pepe comes out to tell us that *almuerzo* is served in the cool, white-walled dining room. Afterwards I shall take a leisurely siesta, wake, and bathe again in the warm, tideless water stretching its smooth ultra-marine floor between Pollensa and the little Roman town of Alcudia that lies just across the bay and stars our eastern horizon with twinkling lights when the violet dusk has fallen. There are no nights like Mallorcan nights, especially now that there is a full moon to come up yellow over the edge of the sea and throw great, fantastic shadows over the house and gardens. And there are no days like these endless, sunlit days; you can sail, or swim, or tramp when it is cool, or just sit idly with an unopened book on your lap, and appease your conscience by feeding the proud fantail pigeons. I do all these things in turn without the faintest sense of boredom.

But it occurs to me that I might tell you how we got here, because, you see, I am determined you shall come to Mallorca, and because, too, Spanish travel is usually denounced as such a difficult thing that I want to raise a protesting voice. So far we have had no trouble at all. Palma, the chief port of the Compañia Trasmediterránea, is a night's journey from Barcelona. We left at nine o'clock on the *Don Jaime Segundo*, — a boat as inferior to the *Primero* as the son was to his royal father, — and stayed on deck long enough to watch the glow of the city die away, and the great *atalaya* lights on Tibidabo lose themselves in a tangle of stars. I don't know why, though, I should cavil at the *Segundo;* it is small, but quite steady and clean, and the little cabins are really rather luxurious. Besides, it is the first time I have ever seen a shrine on any ship; a Madonna, her gentle figure illumined by a red lamp, watched over us all night long. I never knew any voyage could be so tranquil; in fact, peace reigned up to the moment we reached the docks, but then a mob of touts fought over our luggage until we were rescued by a stout Swiss who, speaking a rapid mixture of French, English, and Spanish, bore us off in triumph to breakfast at his own particular hotel, and then furnished us with the car that was to drive us to Puerto de Pollensa. An essential precaution, by the way, for if you go by train you have to change several times, and if you miss the bus that connects

with the Port, you 're out of luck, and must walk the rest of the way. Our road ran through a wide plain, dusty with summer; the only thrusts of springing green in the fields of broad beans and the huge chevaux-de-frise that cactus bushes range in front of every little house. Stony, arid mountains rimmed the western view and hemmed us in as we reached the port — and then at last, quite at the end, Hotel Mar-i-Cel! Now this name really means something; translated into English it reads "The Inn of the Sea and Sky," and that 's just what it is; its heraldry should be emblazoned on azure. And, lest you think I am painting an isolation too divine for comfort, let me hasten to assure you that there is hot and cold water in every room, and an abundance of electric lights.

It 's the next morning (I can see this letter is going to be written by fits and starts, a patchwork of words that you must piece together as best you can) and we have just breakfasted under the pergola: fruit, coffee, *ensaimadas*, — a delicious pastry-ish kind of bun covered with powdered sugar, — and quince marmalade. Mallorca mornings are too good to miss, and so, instead of staying sluggishly in bed, we hurry down as soon as we are dressed. The garden, too, is lovely, for Don Vicente, the proprietor of Mar-i-Cel, realizing that grass is out of the question, has planted thick-leaved flowers, geraniums,

marigolds, and daisies, while the roof of the pergola is draped with a canopy of gorgeous morning-glories which grow in great clusters of seven or eight blossoms, and in spite of the intensely hot sun do not close till late afternoon.

Color everywhere: in the garden and the sky, and now bright bathing suits are beginning to dot the bay. Alicia, in lobster-red, is swimming out to the raft, and later will go motor-boating with José G——, a young, blonde Catalan whose decorous Spanish ideas are opening hitherto unknown vistas to her American flapper mind. (He is shocked that she is permitted to walk unattended at home; apparently his sister never goes out in Barcelona without a duenna tagging at her heels.) There are a number of pleasant people here: some nice American women, a lively family from Porto Rico, and a young honeymoon couple from the Middle West, familiarly known as the *matrimonio.* This is a very elastic term, I may add; you can use it as well for a double room or a double bed, but precisely why it should be applied to this inexperienced pair setting sail on the voyage of life, and denied to sober maturity such as ours *with* a nineteen-year-old daughter thrown in, only a Spaniard could explain.

Perhaps it is this very difference of things and thoughts which gives Spain such fascination. That and the deep sense of permanent age. Running water and electricity, yet out in the fields harvesters

winnowing their wheat on a floor of trodden earth, and *norias*, turned by patient blinkered donkeys, emptying their great jars of water into rivulets that irrigate the crops. Just as Dulcinea sifted her grain in the Tobosan farmyard, just as *norias* looked when Santa Teresa of Jesus wrote her *Life* and compared the human soul to a garden. And I know your pastoral tastes would be gratified by the almost Biblical flocks: troops of pigs, gray-black like miniature elephants, rooting under the figs and carobs for their dinner, and herds of goats beyond even your greedy dreams; all through the night you can hear the clear tinkling of their bells. The Mallorcans have an odd way of recruiting their stock; yesterday evening as we sat on the verandah in the moonlight, we heard a loud bleating, and saw a peasant, an operatic brigand in his knee-breeches and knotted scarlet kerchief, who was ferrying over a boatload of goats he had hunted down in the mountains with his dogs.

Why have n't you a magic carpet that would waft you across the Western ocean? All I can do is to write you this letter, or send you a picture postcard with "Wish you were with us" scribbled upon it. Now, if you *were* really here, not just in my thoughts, we might drive to San Vicente, a lovely, deserted cove, only a few fisher huts scattered about, but with water that is even more radiantly blue than our bay, and tall cliffs that look like frozen opals under the

sunset. Or we could stroll along the wharves down to the village; it is so pleasant there between seven and eight, cool, with a wind blowing from the sea, and work over for the day. Perhaps I should say man's work, which is from sun to sun, for the women and girls sit in the little gardens stitching away on those beautiful Mallorcan linens, very proud when you stop to admire their skill or talk to their pet parrots. "Buenas! Buenas!" the children call after you, and if you have given them a few coppers they throw kisses as long as you are in sight.

You can see that our calm, uneventful days are like the happiest women's lives — they have no history. And yet I have done one vital thing — discovered an important historical fact which I shall present as a scholarly monograph for "Classical Philology." Mallorca is *not* the Elysian Fields, as Homer stated in his well-known poem, nor does the golden-haired Rhadamanthus dwell here.[1] No, it is the Land of the Lotus-Eaters, a truth you will believe when I tell you that for four whole days I idled contentedly without any return of Antique-ing Fever. On the fifth, finding that Don Vicente was driving to Palma, my temperature rapidly rose to a hundred and six, and I decided that the only remedy was to go with him.

[1] Professor H. E. Burton, an authority on the Geography of the Ancients, tells me that I have too much relied on Strabo, who, although he was a worshiper of Homer, was also a notorious liar, and attributed many things to Homer that the poet never said.

A typical Mallorcan countenance

A peasant's house characteristic of Mallorca

It was all quite unknown territory to me, but fortunately an enterprising antiquary had had the foresight to distribute little green leaflets printed in Spanish and English, and naturally I went straight to his shop just opposite the Fountain of the Turtles. Hitherto I 've always said that J——'s at the Junction was the most crowded place of my experience, but it bows low to Jeronimo Casas's. Metals chiefly; I wound my way between barricades of wrought iron and brass and copper, and feared to die the death of Absalom on the hanging lamps and *candeleros*. But there was little interesting furniture, and when I explained what I wanted in my very broken Spanish, Señor Casas told me to try his warehouse at the other end of the town. The precise address is Calle del Teatro Balear, 55, but it really should be called the Street of the Black Cats — I counted at least fourteen before I reached my destination. Still, pussies of *any* sort are lucky for me, and when I went up crooked steps and entered a great dingy loft, I was not disappointed.

Dark doorways, creaking stairs — how often they are an enchanted path to the happy hunting ground! My children, you never saw so many things! And all so inexpensive! From the rafters hung an upside-down forest of chairs — slat-backs and splat-backs; on the floor bureaus and chests, settees and beds and tables. If I had owned an empty house in Spain instead of a crowded cottage in New England,

I could have furnished it, I think, without going outside. What I wanted was legion; what I actually bought was three walnut side chairs. They are very pretty and graceful, though unmistakably peasant in type, and either very late eighteenth century or quite early nineteenth, for they have the carved splats of the first period, the straight front legs and rounded rush seat you associate with the second. The back legs rake slightly and are chamfered, which gives them an added delicacy; two of the splats, suggesting a shield, are carved with formalized flowerpots, the third bears the crest of the three feathers.

And what do you think I paid for them? Just fifteen pesetas apiece, which, in American money, works out to two dollars and twenty-five cents. Only one of the rush seats, the old striped reed, was perfect; the others had to be replaced, and here again I had a financial surprise. Young Casas, with an air of offering me a genuine bargain, told me that the work for each chair would be two pesetas. "In your country, where things are more costly," he added, "they would, no doubt, be four." I don't need to tell you that thirty would be a much closer figure! There were a number of chairs of this style, but with differing splat designs; an interesting pair showed the double eagle, the Hapsburg symbol that Charles Fifth brought with him to Spain. If they had n't been so thickly coated with yellow paint I 'd have bought them, but Señor Casas doubted if he

could get the scraping done before I left Mallorca, and, besides, I have n't space for any more chairs of this sort.

But I do have room for a lyre-backed settee of mulberry wood — a lovely thing, and only a hundred and fifteen pesetas. It is just the piece to put in my Hepplewhite bedchamber to take the place of the Pennsylvania-Dutch day bed which, although sturdy and good of its kind, has never been quite suave enough for the rest of the furniture. As to color it will fall in admirably with my mahogany, since mulberry, very light when cut, darkens decidedly with age, and this settee must be at least a hundred and twenty-five years old. I have asked for the refusal, and if Orde likes it as well as I do, mine it shall be. I 've never had a chance at anything so unique before, and it would be the height of folly not to buy it. Indeed, if I lived in Mallorca, one of the agreeable tasks I should set myself would be the gathering of furniture expressed in the Island woods: oak, olive, pine, mulberry, lemon, walnut, almond, and poplar. Alicia has a mellow old olive-wood bureau in her room that melts my heart every time I look at it.

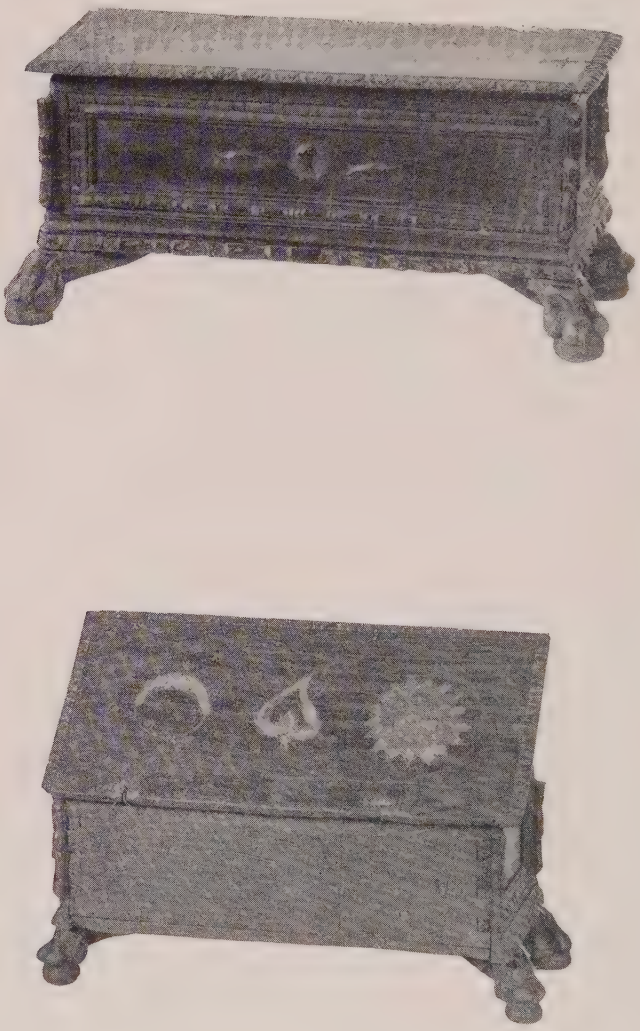
Give me two more weeks instead of two more days, and I know that by hunting through remote hamlets I could find treasures of metals and furniture and embroideries. Casas himself buys only within the range of the Balearics, and, just as one instance

of collector's luck, yesterday afternoon as we were driving through Alcudia, a little town so ancient that the bullfights are held in the half-ruined Roman arena, a hospitably opened door showed me a set of lyre-backed chairs set, in typical Spanish fashion, close against the walls. They were much the same rush-seated type I had found at Palma, but investigation proved them to be a *lot* more expensive; the peasants think that every foreigner must be a plutocrat — otherwise, how could he travel? Still, six dollars apiece is n't much, is it, and I am sure I should have bought them if they had n't been poplar, with finishes a gray-brown instead of the ruddy tone our dining-room demands.

I told the *matrimonio* about them, but already I am beginning to have sentimental regrets, for they would recall so charming a memory. Whenever I polished them I should see again the cool dusk of the great whitewashed room and a group of lovely girls, their ages fifteen to twenty, sitting at work at their tambour frames. They are the only real beauties we have found thus far in Spain, but the type was frankly Arabic: their long dark eyes, their intensely black hair, the modeling of their faces, all told of Saracen blood, and Orde and I have decided to call this little episode "The Adventure of the Six Moorish Maidens." Only two days more! Ridiculous when we have so much to do and see and find. Sunday, leaving this blue Paradise, we go on

White Studio

A walnut side chair with its original seat of striped reed, and a lyre-backed settee of mulberry wood



White Studio

Two views of the seventeenth-century oak box with inlaid lid

to Palma, and after a short stay cross again to the mainland by a different route, for our next port is Valencia.

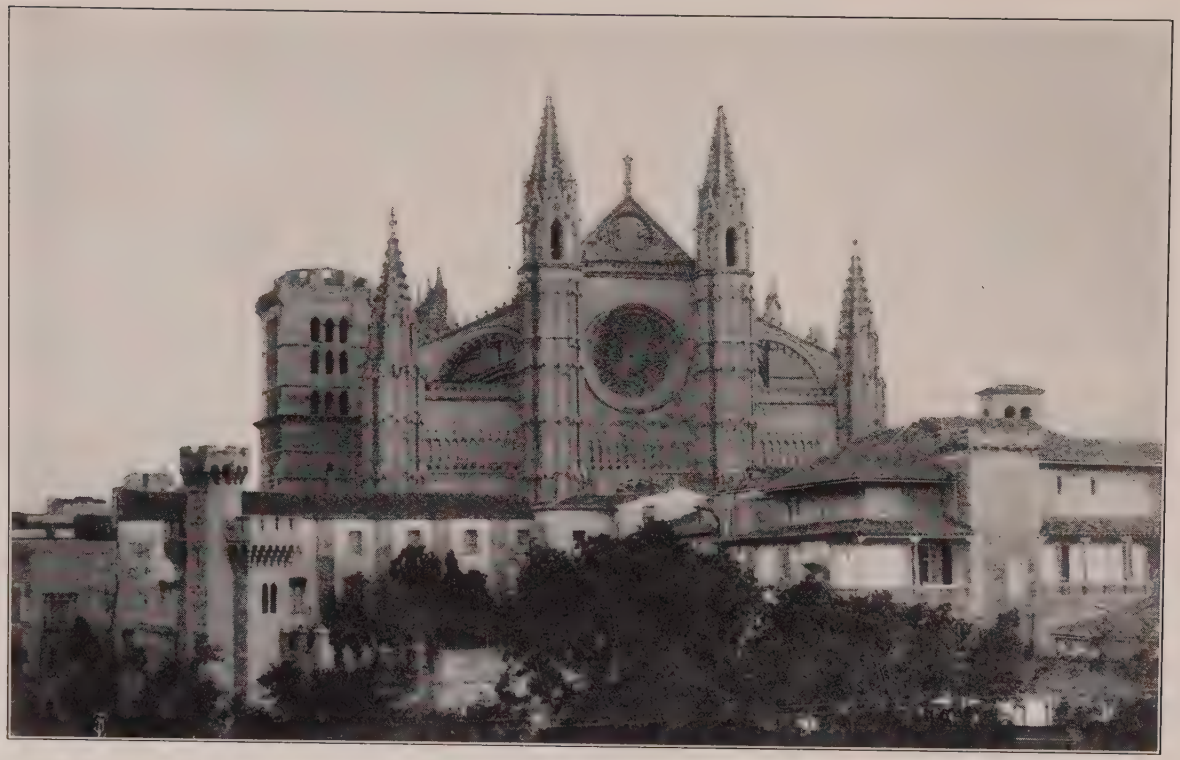
Take my advice, and don't go to Palma in the summer. In spring and autumn it must be delightful, but now in July it is all so white and bare and glaring. I suppose we should have been wiser to stop at one of the hotels down by the shore, but then, they are very remote, and taxis are horribly expensive. After Barcelona prices it was a shock to pay four pesetas to drive two blocks! As it is, we are at the edge of a new development that some day, when it is adequately planted, will be quite attractive, but now our one relief, at the end of a torrid afternoon, is to climb up to be comfortably cool on the roof. Lovely, too, for the moon still swings her bright lantern over the city and picks out the tall church towers with silver.

And there are many churches, for Palma is a very religious place — if you blaspheme in the tramway you are haled before the civil authorities and fined! We have visited them all, — the churches, not the authorities, — the most interesting being Santa Eulalia, through whose portals Ramón Lull, the sinner, rode in pursuit of his *innamorata*, and San Francesco where he, beatified, is buried, and where we were locked in as we hunted through the dark aisles for his tomb. I am sorry to destroy a legend,

but a light does *not* unceasingly burn before his marble effigy; we never should have found it without the aid of a young priest who heard us clamoring to be released, and came to our rescue. But pray don't think him a prophet without renown; here in Mallorca he has great honor, and even shops are named after this holy man. I think the one that most caught our fancy was "La Sastrería del Beato Ramón Lull" (The Tailor Shop of the Blessed Ramón Lull).

But nothing in the whole city, not even the superb Lonja, is so magnificently beautiful as the Cathedral, that great Ship of God forever moored by a perpetually blue sea. The approach, too, is gracious; up a wide stairway street, the walls hung with a tapestry of ivy-geraniums, and plumbago, roses and lavenders woven upon a dense background of green. You pass the Almudaina, once the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, then cross the plaza to the Cathedral, the church to "Our Lady, Saint Mary," that Don Jaime built directly after the Conquest. Always a breeze blows from the Mediterranean, and even on days of intense heat I have been cool here. And the interior is a marvel; it completely lacks the cluttered effect that the *capilla mayor* gives most Spanish churches, and you are left with just an impression of joyous, empty peace and great columns that are like a forest of stone.

Perhaps, though, the most remarkable thing about



The Cathedral at Palma

The castle and harbor at Alicante

the Cathedral is that no antiquity shops cluster round its base; hence my visits were purely spiritual. Not that my enthusiasm wanes; I have been back several times to Casas's warehouse, for the two larger Palma *antigüedades* are closed in the summer, and all I could do was to look through the high iron gates and watch the pomegranates spilling their crimson blossoms over the patios. Still, there is far more than I can possibly buy right here in this one garret. Of course I got the settee; I knew Orde could n't resist it, antiquer though he is n't. And for fifteen pesetas I bought one of the finest trays I have ever seen — a great pie-crust, black, with a glowing centre of powdered gold and a very gay long-tailed bird. Spain undoubtedly is the country for trays; a piece like this would cost six pounds in England and seventy-five dollars at home.

And I got some pretty, vivid tiles for a peseta each, and for you, and the new house in Norwich, two odd little wrought-iron knockers, the sort that decorate the old doors in the Cathedral close — five pesetas for the pair. Except the settee, my only other purchase that amounted to anything was an oak box, seventeenth-century, I should think, and very rustic; probably meant to hold some peasant girl's jewelry. The carving is charming, though rather naïve: four massive lion's-claw feet, two little fishes on either side of the keyhole, a modified egg and dart pattern round the edge, and, best of all, the lid inlaid

in lemonwood with some of the designs that adorn the great fourteenth-century Murador portal of the Cathedral — the sun and moon and a heart pierced with arrows. I wonder if it belonged to the daughter of some layman in the Church's service. This was twenty-five pesetas, a small sum for anything so unusual.

For twice as much I could have bought an excellent knife box, mahogany, with a marquetry of Sheraton shells. You may think this a strange thing to find so far away from home, and it is amazing to see so much furniture of the English type lying about. But the explanation is simple enough ; off and on (and chiefly on) through the eighteenth century, Minorca, the second of the Balearic group, was under British control, and a great deal of furniture was either made here under this influence or else brought from overseas. I could have bought drop-leaf tables, slant-top desks, and chests of drawers for about a fifth of what I should have had to pay in England. Before you furnish your house, come over with me, and, like Moorish pirates, we 'll loot the Islands. There are pieces here that might have grown in a Vermont cottage.

This is n't collecting, but I can't leave Mallorca without telling two of my most musical friends about our drive to Valldemosa, so linked to romance by its memories of George Sand and Chopin. We took

a car for the afternoon, and went by way of Miramar, where Ramón Lull founded his college, and Louis Salvator, Archduke of Austria, had his estate. Each new view was lovelier than the last; I have n't words to describe such beauty — you must come and see it for yourselves. Then, turning inland, we drove up breath-taking hills — every Spanish driver is a reincarnation of Jehu — and reached the old Carthusian monastery at the top. Fortunately, when we were at Mar-i-Cel, an amiable acquaintance, Dr. Jaime C——, had given us a letter of introduction to the man who now lives in the apartments made famous by this poetic pair of lovers. He was not at home, but his housekeeper, an obliging old woman, wearing the close-fitting cap and white lawn collar which is all that is left of Mallorcan costume, showed us through. With a wave of her hand she gave me the garden, and I picked a red rose as symbol of George Sand's glowing temperament, a paler pink bud for Chopin. From the ivied wall the vast panorama is inspiring; I could write preludes myself if I lived here.

Valencia

Valencia, the third city in Spain, has a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; there is a university, and it is the seat of an archbishopric. All these facts the guidebook tells you; what it omits to state is that the passage across from Palma is the vilest in the world; in comparison even

a rough Channel crossing is like a canoe trip on the Connecticut. Did I speak of the *Segundo* as steady? Well, it is n't. Or maybe all the little undersea demons came up, and twirled it and tweaked it; Charybdis was there, and Scylla abandoned her rocks to help, and everybody on board the boat, except the crew and my stalwart husband, were violently, disgracefully, audibly sick! Alicia and I spent a *nuit blanche* streaked with pea-green and magenta!

The long drive from El Grao (the port) refreshed us a little, but I don't like our hotel; we 're here because the Feria is on, with very much increased prices, and we 're still sticking bravely to our three-dollar-a-day limit. And when you arrive in the early morning, rather weak-kneed, and neither your rooms nor the coffee are ready, and you discover the *chico* of the establishment neatly washing the writing tables by the process of spitting on them, and then rubbing them down with an extremely dirty cloth, it is, you must own, a trifle disconcerting. And yet, in spite of these faults, I love Valencia! You can imagine what a charming city it must be. To begin with, like Barcelona, it is a blending of past and present; there are wide thoroughfares, fine buildings, and beautiful parks in the modern section; narrow dark streets and beautiful old shells of houses back of the Lonja and the Cathedral. Look up as you pass; so often the undersides of the balconies are faced

with *azulejos* (tiles), still fresh and beautiful. And there are tranquil women sitting at ease at the windows; I saw one, so calm under her draped mantilla that she might have been cut from black and white velvet. Somehow, the color of Spain has deepened.

The Cathedral, dedicated to the Virgin, — as most Spanish cathedrals are, — stands not only on holy ground, but on a site historically significant: first a temple to Diana, then a Visigothic church, next a mosque (which the Cid Campeador changed into St. Peter's), and, last of all, along came James of Aragon, and made of it a shrine to Our Lady. Of course it has been built and rebuilt, — I think it was completed toward the end of the fourteen-hundreds, — and, while the exterior is imposing, the interior has been so plateresqued and churriguerated that its dignity has quite disappeared; only one fifteenth-century chapel remains as witness to a noble, vanished beauty.

It is before the Portal of the Apostles that the Tribunal of Waters meets every Thursday morning to decide on all matters relating to the irrigation of the *huertas*, and to pass judgment upon all disputes. It is a remnant of an old Moorish custom, and completely democratic, since it is composed of the farmers themselves and there is no appeal from their verbal decisions. I wish I might have seen the Tribunal in action; we timed our arrival for it — but, again, I am an iconoclast. (A tragedy that I,

who love tradition, should persist in assailing it.) Although we hung round the Cathedral all morning, neither judges nor claimants appeared; it may be that it is not held during the Feria. At first we decided that we would make up for our disappointment by climbing the Torre del Miguelete, the great octagonal tower whose bell is the signal for opening the canals that water the abundant plains, and from whose top you can look far over the countryside.

But instead we chose to enjoy the view from the Lonja. Somebody — Robert McBride, I think — accounts it the most beautiful Gothic building in Spain, and I am of his opinion. Its crenelated walls and tower, surmounted by royal crowns, the beautiful façade, the springing palm-tree columns, all are incomparable. Master Pedro Compte was a great builder! And it is more interesting than the Lonja at Palma because it is still in use; there were a number of substantial-looking farmers in berets and short smocks sitting about as we went in. I assume they 're a very honest lot, for on the walls a Latin inscription points out the truth that the portion of the merchant who is not a usurer, and who does not cheat, will be life everlasting. From the tower you glimpse what the *Guide Bleu* calls a *beau panorama;* we "beheld Valencia and how the city lies," and the fertile meadows and the sea, the whole fair estate that Ruy Diaz proudly displayed to Ximena and his two lovely daughters.

I have been back to the Lonja more than once, not only because I so much admire it, but because it is in the heart of the market district, the old Souk, and near its grandeur there are divers little stalls where you may pick up bits of antiquity. One Joaquin Cuquerilla has the best of them: a medley of copper pots and pans, and basins of brass that resemble Mambrino's helmet. I bought six tiles from him for half a peseta apiece, an unusual trivet for one, and a brass ladle with a wrought-iron handle for a peseta and a half. For antiquities Valencia is a very unhappy hunting ground. I found one mouldy little shop, squalor personified, where I bought two charming Manises plates for ten pesetas each, and I followed up a trail that led to the shop of a man who formerly had been an antiquity dealer, but who, lacking the patronage of tourists, had been forced to turn to the business of making reproductions. Another time, driving through the Old Town, my piazza-eye, so amply disciplined in New England, caught sight of a tumble-down shop, and I promptly halted the *carruaje*. The proprietor was asleep in a chair before the door, but he roused himself enough to say amiably, "So the Señora is interested in antiquities? Ah, then she will admire me!" And promptly went to sleep again!

But still, in spite of these discouragements, I love Valencia! And I can't say fairer than that. The modern shops, elaborately decorated for the Feria,

are enticing; simpering wax damsels wear broad Andalusian hats or mantillas draped over tall combs, and always bright embroidered *mantones* (shawls). And fans and fans and fans, — Valencia is the centre of the industry, — fans with carnations, fans with bullfights, even fans with crucifixions. We are thoroughly enjoying the Feria, and we begin to like our hotel better; the plumbing is abominable, but the cooking is excellent. I wish you could taste the *arroz valenciano* — rice flavored with saffron, and thick with mussels, lobster, chicken, ham, and little rings of *calamari* (cuttlefish), which, as they feel and look like pallid rubber bands, I always discard. Otherwise, the combination is heavenly.

I think one reason we are more reconciled to our lodgings is because, from our high balcony, we can watch the pretty ladies going to the bullfight, and hear the band as it marches along playing "L'Orgia dorada." We are an enigma to our hosts; every morning the Brat — we have thus christened the obnoxious little *chico* — comes to ask if he shan't get us tickets for the *corrida de toros*, and when we refuse, and tell him to order us a *carruaje* instead, he looks as if he were going to burst into tears. Though my good resolutions nearly crumbled yesterday when the Goyesca procession swept by; all the toreadors mounted on gallant steeds, and dressed as they would have been if my favorite painter had done their portraits.

Don't think us inconsistent when I tell you that we did go to the Plaza de Toros in the evening, for we went to see *Carmen*. The biggest bull ring in Spain! Can you fancy a more thrilling setting? An excellent performance, too; even though Maria Valverde's death scene lacked the tragic dignity of Mary Garden's, she *was* Carmen: the way she walked, danced, swayed her fan, everything. And Antonio Cortis, a very popular idol, made a lyric Don José. Escamillo, as usual, was portly; I live in hopes of some day seeing a thin toreador whose shape would persuade you he could take on an agile bull. This is the first time Alicia has seen this opera, and as the plot developed she leaned over, and said in an agonized whisper, "You don't mean to tell me that Carmen is going to turn Don José down for that fat bullfighter?" Theoretically the play began at eleven o'clock; actually the curtain rose at half-past, and we reached home, yawning, at three. Our second very late night, for Thursday we went to see a concourse of regional dancing, Valencian *jotas*, as spirited as the snapping of castanets and gayly graceful. In between, musicians, who accompanied their songs with strange, reedy instruments, sang *coplas*, and seemed to amuse the audience very much. I wish I knew more Spanish. Thank Heaven, the understanding of the eye is more universal; the traditional costumes were so picturesque that I wished Primo de Rivera, while he was about his reforms, would

make a sumptuary law, and compel his compatriots always to dress in this fashion.

To-day we are going to be comparatively idle — drive about the city, and go again to the Provincial Museum, the best in Spain after the Prado; there is an admirable collection of Valencian primitives, and the best Ribaltas, I believe, anywhere. Also my adored Goya is represented by four portraits; the best of them the likeness of his brother-in-law, Bayeu, all black and silver. And then Alicia wants to get a hat, and I want some buns, little fat shiny ones, sprinkled with sugar and stuffed with plums. The bakeshops here are too enchanting! I always linger before their windows, and I'd buy a huge brown loaf if I could possibly manage it with our lavish Spanish meals. And I must get a dishcloth loyally red and yellow so that I may cleanse my plates and tiles. I simply refuse to go on to Alicante with all the dirt of Valencia upon them.

Alicante

It is a very pretty little city, Alicante — very neat, very modern; several months from now, when I close my eyes and think of it, I know all I shall see as a memory is waving palm trees and white tiles. There are no monuments (in the French sense), and Victor Hugo's towers and gilded minarets are figments of his imagination. The harbor, however, is very fine, and when you go out in a motor-boat, and

look back at the Paseo de los Mártires, and the dominating Castle of Santa Barbara, high up on a tremendous cliff, the whole effect is quite impressive. Just now the summer crowd is an everyday-ish one, chiefly from the neighboring towns; I am told that Alicante's real season is in the winter when a horde of Britishers, who can't afford Nice or Cannes, come over to enjoy the mild, agreeable weather.

Still, I am not sorry we came; the trip down — we chose the inland route as shorter and involving fewer changes — was very rewarding: at first through orange groves and the wide *vega*, soothingly green, then a mountain country — villages at the foot of the hills, villages that had started to climb and settled down halfway on the slopes, villages cresting the tops. We passed Almansa with its crumbling Moorish towers, the valiant ruins of the mediæval Castle of Montesa, and Játiva, the Arabic city of the Borgia popes. At La Encina we changed — and nearly froze to death! I am sure the Spanish climate has been maligned; Alicia and I turned up the fur collars of our coats and shivered on the platform until the train arrived. Such a shaky train it was! It bounced about almost as much as the *Segundo*, and we had to concentrate on the landscape to survive the agony. The last part of the way the train ran through an avenue of century plants in flower; I do not exaggerate when I tell you that the tall stalks whirled by like telephone poles; I shall

never spend another reckless quarter at the Horticultural Show to see one only three feet high.

Our days are very do-nothing; we drive about, and bathe, although, after Pollensa, the bay is an anticlimax, and, certainly, overcrowded; I prefer a lonely sea. We have had one breakneck ride to Elche, the only place in Europe where dates are grown for profit; the side industries are drying the leaves for Palm Sunday and making *alpargatas*. Señor T——, our Americano friend, evidently wanted to display the smoothness of Spanish roads, and went at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. He has very kindly offered to motor us to Granada, but since he told us earlier that he had run over everything possible in Spain, I know Orde will choose the railway. To go back to Elche; it is like a little African village set in an oasis, white-walled and sheltered by gigantic palms. The tourist goal, naturally, is the Huerta del Capellán, where you see the immense Priest's Palm Tree, a seven-branched candlestick of living green, nearly one hundred years old.

And, speaking of a hundred years, I have found a few antiquities that will pass the customs. Strangely enough, though Alicante is about one-fifth the size of Valencia, three *antigüedades* are now open, and more will be, I believe, in the winter. One is in a private flat, the two others are modest little shops in the centre of the town. At the first I

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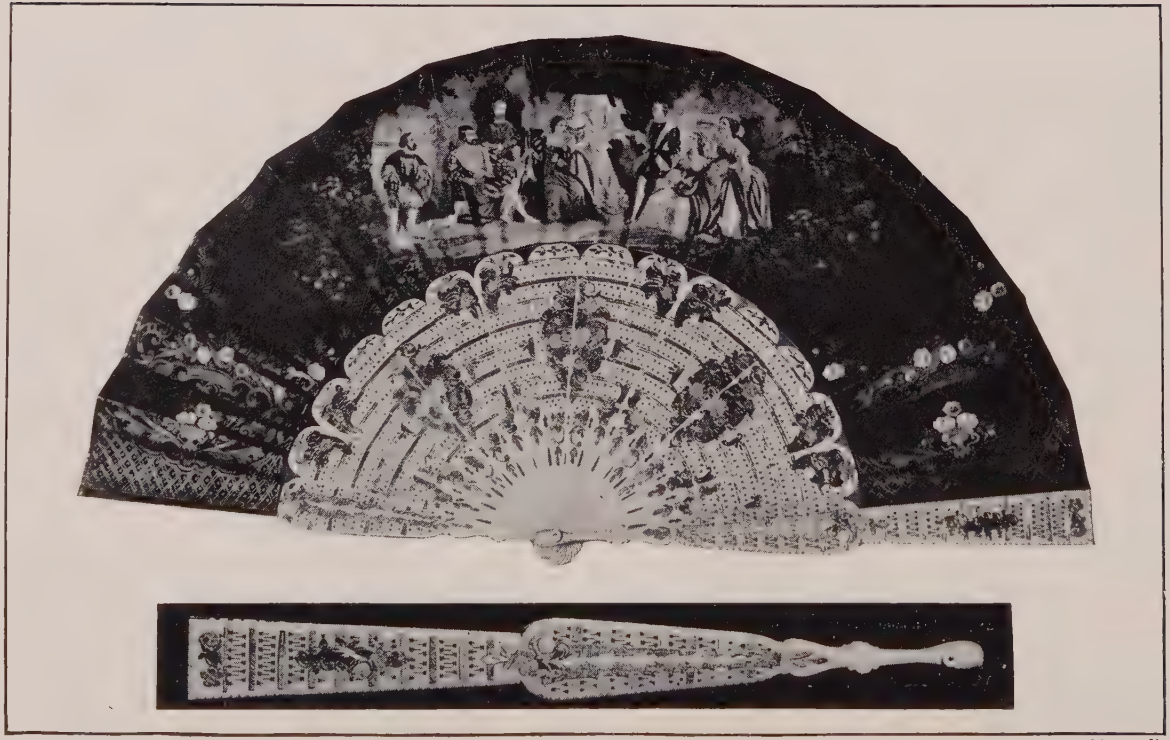
Two "Gaudy Dutch bowls" and a mug that may have hailed from Staffordshire; two plates of Manises faïence from Valencia, the third a Talavera



White Studio

"Birthday fan" of painted vellum with ivory sticks inlaid with gold and silver, bought at Alicante

bought a pair of pretty Gaudy Dutch bowls, thus quite disproving the American legend that this ware was made solely for the Pennsylvania trade. They were fourteen pesetas, and for four more I added a little mug that looked as if it had come from Staffordshire; very possible, since Alicante has had an English colony for a long time. But these three things were trifles in comparison with a beautiful fan that Alicia gave me for my birthday; I did n't know so much beauty was buyable for only fifty pesetas. The fan part is vellum, the front black, the reverse cream, both sides delightfully embellished with lords and ladies in Renaissance costume, and the ivory sticks are intricately carved and set with arabesques of gold and silver. The woman had a whole drawerful of these fans — all of them charming, and all of them most inexpensive.

At the second *antigüedades* I bought nothing at all, although the furniture was both good and cheap; the man had twelve Transition Hepplewhite chairs, walnut, for fifty pesetas apiece (dearer than Palma, but not really high), and four cabriole-leg splat-backs, the Queen Anne type, forty dollars for the set. I don't think he realized how old this last lot really was; he called them Isabellina (the Spanish equivalent for Victorian), and, of course, they are early eighteenth century. The trouble was he would n't sell any separately, and I cannot possibly use so many. The third shop was the most diverting of

the three. It is kept by a funny little man who has spent some time in Algiers, and so speaks a rather mongrel French, but one that is entirely understandable. He has, as well, cultivated a Gallic flourish of manner, and begins any bargaining with the remark, "You see, Madame, it is because I adore you that I offer this absurd price." And if I object to the over-battered condition of some of his antiquities, he slaps his chest and cries, "Madame, I have no teeth, yet, behold, I am a sound man!" Poor things, — he has a wife who is a tragic old beauty, — they must be terribly hard up. They want me to take some silver out of the pawnshop for them, but as they describe it it sounds uninterestingly modern, and I hate to disappoint them by a final refusal. All I have been able to buy with any conscience is a large Talavera plate, white, with a decoration of blue and dashes of yellow, for seven pesetas, and a brass sanding-box for three.

Again our plans have changed; we are going on to Madrid to-morrow morning — a long trip, but unbroken by any of the changes that our mounting luggage makes such a hardship. We now have six suitcases, a typewriter, and two huge *capazos*. Good-bye! I must stop to count our laundry, which has just been sent in — clean, sweet-smelling, and neatly piled on a long wicker tray. They do these things better in Spain!

III

TWO ROYAL CITIES

We are enchanted with Madrid. And I am surprised every time I think of it, for, as Spain goes, it is n't old, and you are well aware of my passion for antiquities. There are no Cyclopean walls or Roman arenas or thirteenth-century cathedrals to persuade my romantic eyes; Barcelona, head in the clouds and feet in the sea, is a hundred times more beautifully placed and certainly offers a greater variety, — the distant past and the most futuristic present, — and yet I 'd choose Madrid. I know I reveal a traveler's arrogance in carping at Madrid's lack of age; it far outdates America's discovery, or the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, but even if Henry the Third was crowned here, and Charles the Fifth imprisoned brave Francis in the Torre de los Lujanes (still standing, by the way), the beauty of Madrid is modern. Though not at all modernistic, it is the nineteenth century rather than the twentieth. From the balcony of the Regina we can look up and down the Alcalá and enjoy the sky line, not dominating like New York's, but nevertheless very imposing. Just opposite us great horses prance against a cloudless blue, a blue that seems, somehow, dusted with gold, and I feel the same exhilaration that I do in spring

on Fifth Avenue, that gallant street where invisible flags are forever flying.

I think I could live in Madrid very agreeably — praise my bucolic temperament rarely gives to any city. One thing that I know would tempt me is the excellence of the drinking water; it 's so good that, temporarily, we have abandoned Solares, which Orde says reminds him of the old oaken bucket. But he has a passion for bottled water which I do not always share, and in case your tastes are as his, let me recommend Catalan Vichy; it blends wonderfully well with red Rioja, the wine we usually drink. And the food at our modest hotel is delicious, almost as good as at Martin's; I wish you could taste the *canelones*, long strips of paste stuffed with forcemeat and mushrooms; I must try to make some when I am at home again. We have solved, also, the problem of too much zeal in offering too much food. You see, there are generally seven or eight courses both at lunch and at dinner, and so we first survey the menu and then pick and choose, leaving out usually at least two dishes. By now the waiters are accustomed to our eccentricities, and merely deplore our want of health; they can't believe that any human beings, really robust, would eat so little. Spaniards are all Sancho Panza when it comes to food! But we are spared the sad fate of one of our friends who, knowing no Spanish, and being quite unversed in pantomime, besides having a most amiable nature,

Photograph by Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.

Calle Alcalá, Madrid's business centre, with the Bank of Spain to the right

White Studio

Pressed-glass saltcellars and two lacy plates

plodded heroically through everything. His excuse was that the waiter stood over him and would n't let him have his salad until he had finished his omelet! But I insist that with firmness of character, and a typhoid inoculation, you can travel all over Spain and never falter by the way. You must be steadfast, too, about the location of your rooms; ours here are not at the front, but give on a wide court, so that we have plenty of light and air and no noise at all, a thing to strive for in this never-sleeping country.

We need an easy life, I can tell you, for our trip from Alicante was very hard. The weather turned suddenly hot, and as we sat fanning ourselves while we waited for the train to start, I longed to patronize some of the little boys going about with their great frosted jars, and crying, "¡ Agua fresca! Fresca como la nieve! ¿ Quién bebe? ¿ Quién bebe?" (Cold water! Cold as the snows! Who 'll drink? Who 'll drink?) This time we did not shiver at La Encina, and from then on, for ten long hours, we had a completely fatiguing, utterly thrilling, perfectly beautiful journey. High-flown language, but entirely deserved. I cannot understand why anybody would take a *wagon-lit* in Spain when he might travel by day. The dark draws a curtain over beauty too wonderful to lose, for the Spanish landscape has the high qualities of Spanish dancing; it is proud and remote and defiant. The dry river beds flamed with oleanders,

and there was interest for the imagination as well as the eye. We passed through country battled over for centuries by Moors and Christians; distant on the plains of La Mancha we could see Don Quixote's windmills, and at Valdepeñas the enormous wine jars looked like the ones the Forty Thieves hid in. And, even if no prospect had pleased us, we were traveling with two of the most delightful men in the world: Cervantes and Gautier; there 's never a dull moment with either one around, and the next time you are in Spain do urge them to go with you. Although they are so witty and wise and famous, they are quite self-effacing, and take up very little space.

Do you wonder I found Madrid modern after all this? Of course we are not here in the interesting season, the Court being at San Sebastián. Most of the theatres are closed, but the bullfights still go on, and, thank Heaven, many of the *antigüedades* are open. Our hotel is very near the antique-ing district; five minutes' walk takes me to San Jerónimo, Santa Catalina, and Prado, the streets where they cluster thickest. These are the superlative shops, and their prices are super-superlative. When I began my prowls I did n't see how I could afford to buy anything in Madrid; every piece was three or four times as much as at Barcelona, and then, perhaps, Palma bargains set my hopes too high and my values too low. However, eight hundred and

twenty-five pesetas for a Hepplewhite chair is a little staggering, you must admit.

I was discouraged, but Orde reassured me and declared that, in this big city, there must be shops where I could buy without having to walk home if I did. So he took a directory, and I took a taxi, and by persisting I found a lot of places that were good and interesting and inexpensive. There 's one on Valverde, just across the Gran Via, kept by a young man who talks English fluently, and whose probity and knowledge are guaranteed by the fact that he is Spanish correspondent for the magazine *Art News*. His stock is not large, but it is very pleasing, and includes wrought iron and brass and copper, as well as furniture. He had the sweetest Louis Quinze *bergère* for thirty dollars, the seat and back very finely caned, and just a little delicate carving on the walnut frame. And there is another delightful shop on Cervantes, behind the more grandiloquent Prado. I 'd go there if only to look at the tall, handsome proprietor and his pretty wife. They speak neither English nor French, but, with my shopping Spanish, I was able to understand them very well, and to marvel at the prices. Marvel the right way, I mean ; when you can buy a mahogany claw-and-ball card table for two hundred and fifty pesetas, and six hoof-foot cabriole chairs (walnut, of course) for seven hundred and fifty, your head reels with happiness. How I wish I had a house in Spain ! Alas,

it 's just a castle, so far furnished only with silver-lined clouds.

I did n't buy anything at either of these shops, for, in truth, I must cut my cloth according to my cottage. But, wandering about the other day, I discovered a shop on one of the little side streets behind the Regina, — the address on the card reads "muy próxima a Montera," — and here I made my first purchases: three small pressed-glass saltcellars, very fine and early, with the right sparkle to the metal, and only three pesetas each. They 're for you to use in the country, — they 'd really be rather nice on breakfast trays holding jam or marmalade, — and I hope, before I leave, to add some other pieces to them. And I bought another bit of glass, a La Granja tumbler, very late eighteenth century, engraved with pretty festoons and flowers, and with fine-fingering at the base. This was ten pesetas, but since then, for we drop in every day or so, we have spent more money, and added a number of little things to the growing pile in our *armario*. Alicia has two delicate fans to her credit, and Orde, under my direction, bought a birthday present for me, and paid all of forty pesetas for it. I 'm quite mad about it, for I love odd jewelry, and this is an old peasant chain from Salamanca, alternate red and blue stones (Spanish paste) set in silver filigree, and holding a pendant adorned with an angel's head and folded wings. Señora Vasquez knows no tongue but her

own; still, even without my family for interpreters, we contrive, somehow, to get along very well together. She is such a nice person, and I love her for loving her fat old black cat, which, since he is seventeen years old, she presents with pride as her greatest antiquity. A vast age for a cat anywhere, but a miracle in this country. She is one of the few people in Spain I have seen kind to an animal, and I wish I could blazon her name in letters of gold! And, quite apart from her warm heart, I can commend her for having rare old silver and beautiful shawls for about half the price asked in the more fashionable shops.

I must stop now, and put on my *mantón* to go to a movie. Guess what it is? *Don Quixote!* Are n't we in luck?

We were! This is three days later, but my enthusiasm persists, and even if it is n't a "talkie," you must try to get it out in Chicago. Cervantes himself would have been enraptured with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; they were his characters, body and soul. A gorgeous fantasy unrolled itself before our eyes: windmills transformed themselves to hideous giants, inns melted into castles, a herd of pigs became a marching army. Marvelous! I suppose, in America, they will censor some of Sancho's Island judgments — in which case I shall be thankful I saw it in Spain. (Incidentally, my ancestral shawl

created great excitement; children pointed at me, calling out, "Oh, la mantón! La mantón!" I daresay I was too Andalusian; they don't seem to wear them in Madrid.)

But we are growing accustomed to being stared at, especially when, in the late afternoon, we go to the cafés for frozen coffee or *horchatas;* apparently we are the only respectable women who frequent such places. Times must have changed since Gautier in his *Voyage en Espagne* wrote, "L'on voit beaucoup plus de femmes dans les cafés de Madrid que dans ceux de Paris." And Alicia now does n't turn a hair at the *piropos*, those extravagant flights of admiration every passable girl receives; indeed I 'm sure she 'd begin to worry if they did n't come her way — think she had a smudge on her nose, or something. And, again unlike Paris, where you have to plead a *rendez-vous* before a persistent suitor will bow himself away before the claims of a more fortunate, shadowy rival, these gallants never dream of trying to follow up such remarks as "Ah, what loveliness!" or "Oh, the beautiful blonde!" No, these are just the tributes polite Spaniards lay at the feet of young womanhood. I think the climax came on one of our trips when two young Madrileños insisted to Alicia that she fulfilled their ideal: "Todas las Americanas están preciosas, guapíssimas, muy, muy bonitas." They knew this for truth, for they had seen American girls in the cinema!

But I must stop this babble, and get on with my collecting. I have been to the Rastro, a Rag Fair that does n't compare with the Caledonian Market, but that averages about as well as the Marché aux Puces in a dull season. First, let me tell you how to get there; also, that Sunday is the best time, although it is held on Thursdays as well. If you take a taxi any driver will know how to go, but you can board Tram 32, ride down Calle de Toledo, get off at the Market, turn to the right, walk up a hilly, cobblestoned street, and then you 're at the beginning of the Fair. Just as at all others of its kind, there are flat-on-the-ground heaps, and barrows, and little shops; the difference here comes in the gay striped awnings that keep out the blazing glare. We sauntered up and down in our familiar, leisurely way, picking up a Phœbe lamp and some odd bits of brass. And I made a dreadful mistake which I shall regret to my life's end; at one of the booths there was some interesting glass, among the pieces a flattish green vase with "Ave Maria" in raised letters upon it. I wanted it, and it was only ten pesetas, but I hated to get anything that might have been used in a church, the result of a fiery sermon I once heard Bishop Brent preach upon the unforgivable sin of blasphemy. Yesterday, in the Archæological Museum, I saw a similar vase in the case of La Granja glass, and learned that it was not ecclesiastical, but used in private houses. So

I might perfectly well have bought it without risking my soul.

The *barracas* that run along Ribera de Curtidores are happier hunting grounds than anything at the London or Paris fairs, but much more expensive. I have two good addresses for you, though a third I will not give, since the man is a rogue. At one shop the proprietor was absent, and the little son left in charge told us that his father "had gone to Madrid," evidently a long journey to inexperienced youth. And as he could n't tell me the price of anything, I missed getting a handsome large tray, a plain edge, but decorated all over, and a very pretty miniature frame, patterned with mother-of-pearl sprigs. But at the other shop I bought a lovely papier-mâché box; for gloves, I suppose, since it is oblong, measuring eleven by five inches. The decoration is very fine: touches of gold, encrustations of nacre, and vivid notes of scarlet and green lacquer. Even the feet are gilded, and there 's a brilliant design inside the lid; certainly, next to Oriental lacquer, Spanish is the best I know. This box was twenty pesetas, and for fifteen more I bought a tray, a little one, the most engaging small salver I have ever seen, and just the right size for cocktails. The pie-crust edge is lavishly beflowered with gilt blossoms and leaves, the centre has a naïve design of a bird and a nest of eggs as blue as the encircling morning-glories, which sparkle with inset bits of mother-of-pearl. Alto-

White Studio

The most engaging cocktail tray in Spain, and a glove box of papier-mâché lacquered and brilliantly inlaid

White Studio

A decanter with sprigged pattern, a festooned tumbler, and a carafe of La Granja glass

gether, thoroughly Victorian, and rather reminding you of a tinsel picture at its best. This was all we bought at our first visit, though we mean to go back again, for, of course, the stock at a rag fair is constantly shifting.

But I have bought a number of other things; in one of my taxi-rambles I discovered a fascinating place, very small, but with good things and low prices. Here I got a little rose-flowered bowl that looks like soft-paste Lowestoft, ten pesetas, and two attractive pieces of La Granja glass for twenty each. (How I rejoice that I spent a day at the Museo Arqueológico, even though I did not do it in time to recognize the Ave Maria vase!) One is a decanter with a sprigged pattern, the decoration being first cut, then gilded. This is in the manner that the La Granja glass factory imported from Bohemia; the second piece, a tall carafe, is more typically Spanish: flattened sides, a well-moulded handle, and cutting that is largish and shallow. The man told me that he had just sold its mate to one of the smaller museums, and both are a great bargain, I know.

Then I have found some more pressed glass for you. Not saltcellars, I 'm sorry to say; yours seem to be quite unmatchable. But these are pretty six-inch plates — twenty pesetas for the pair — with a lacy design and a sparkle that puts our Sandwich glass to shame. I could have spent a hundred times as much in this shop; the woman's stock was attrac-

tive and varied, and, from an American point of view, extremely cheap. Think of being able, for less than seventeen dollars, to buy a mahogany baccarat table, with little scooped wells to hold the counters, and Transition feet, the type, something between the Spanish and the pad foot, that you find in the Pennsylvania-Dutch country. Or a tiny desk, the slant top beautifully inlaid, for twenty. And, besides furniture, the *padrona* had some adorable peasant linen, *paños de manos* from Salamanca, worked in red and black, and a tablecloth from Estremadura. From the small experience I have had, I should say that the most interesting weaves and embroideries come from the North.

And I have discovered that all the shops in the expensive district are not prohibitive. There 's a good place on the Calle del Prado which, at first sight, looks a little like a hit-or-miss-it auctioneer's. A lot of rubbish, but many good things, too, surprisingly cheap. If my purse had been stronger, my tale would be longer. I wanted some of the Alpujarras rugs, soft, yet brilliant, and not at all dear, but I bought just a spindle chair made of beech, a rustic piece from the province of Navarre, very suggestive of the seventeenth century in its turnings. Thirty-five pesetas was a small sum to pay for it, even though it will have to be re-rushed. And, further down on Huertas, where the junky shops begin, there are what in France you would call real *occasions*. Eusabio

Borja Castro — I repeat the name for the pure pleasure of it! And, though he may prove to be a far-away relative of Lucretia's, you must not misjudge him; I 'm convinced he would n't poison anybody. On the contrary, he is a round, jolly fellow who sold me a big brass bowl and a ladle with a wrought-iron handle for nine pesetas, did them up in newspapers, and handed them to me with as great a flourish as if they had been made of finest gold.

So far these are all my purchases, but I really know more about Madrid antiquities than this list implies; I have visited every shop I found open, and I am keeping a careful list of them for you. And please admire my fortitude; I have n't once soiled my soul with envy or broken the Tenth Commandment. Except at the Prado — and there you expect at least to chip it! You already know the marvels of this great gallery; moreover, what is the use of trying to cram in a paragraph what connoisseurs have praised in a hundred books? But one thing I do want to tell you — you will remember how I am eternally dragging you back to see that hard-boiled Manuel Romero at the Art Institute? Well, at last I have found my favorite Goya, a portrait of his brother-in-law, painted so gently, with such skillful sympathy, that it is hard to believe he hated Bayeu so much. The soft pastel shades, spattered on the artist's palate, repeat themselves in the broad girdle and in the iridescent lights playing on coat and

brocaded chair back. To me it is a completely beautiful portrait, and I always go back to look at it last of all, hurrying to lose the memory of those sinister murals he painted for his country house. I hate to think it, but whenever I see them I am convinced my adored Goya had the heart of a demon, and I should n't be surprised to learn that he celebrated the Black Mass at his *quinta.*

Good night! At home I 'd be going to bed, for it 's after ten o'clock; as it is, I am going down to dinner. We 're leaving for Toledo very early tomorrow morning; a little reluctantly, too, although ordinarily we welcome new adventures and the broad road that stretches. I wonder if, changing a little the old poem of our school days, I shall insist that even if my body is in Toledo, my soul remains steadfastly in Madrid.

Toledo

Toledo is old, very old and dead, though in all honesty I should add that perhaps this impression is deepened by the fact that it is summer, and dusty, and that we have just left the clear modernity of Madrid. And yet I think that with spring green upon the Vega, and the Tagus a rushing stream, I still should feel that Toledo had died long ago and was buried in the most magnificent crypt I have ever seen. I know I am inconsistent, but somehow Toledo depresses me. I hope it is n't our hotel, a

very dingy place on a little back street, and none too clean. By this time I scorn such things as dusty wooden floors; I am used to tiles, and women on their knees scrubbing them. The way we came to be here is this; we traveled down Third, the first time we have done it in Spain, and very comfortable we found it; judging from this experience, Spanish Third Class is much more to be praised than equal accommodations in France. There were some minor government officials in our compartment, and one of them, while admitting that none of the hotels in Toledo were palaces, told us that the cooking at ours was certainly the best. It *is* good — I 'll grant it that; there 's a certain crisp way they cook veal here, rolling it in garlic-flavored crumbs, that is excellent. But I suspect that the Solares we have been drinking is merely a bottle filled from the well in the centre of the house; anyhow, it no longer tastes like the days of our childhood.

But my soul shall rise superior to such trifles, and, leaving the sombre present, delight only in time past. Adam was Toledo's first king — there 's age for you! — and here Reccared abjured Arianism, for it was the Visigothic capital; indeed, it was Spain's chief city until gloomy Philip set his heart upon Madrid. After the Goths came the Moors, let in by Don Roderick's indiscretions. Though really these scandals are historically unjust; actually it was warring factions, the disputes with the partisans of

Witiza, who looked over the sea for help, that dethroned Roderick, but my romantic fancy likes to dally with legends. There are two, you know. The one I sentimentally prefer tells how Roderick, an amorous monarch, espying the fair Florinda bathing in the Tagus with the other maidens of the court, cast greedy eyes upon her and ran off with her, very illegally, whereupon her father, Count Julian, resenting the insult to his honor, avenged himself by leading in the victorious Arab armies. The other tale proves this last of the Gothic kings to have been a very Fatima for curiosity; he insisted on unlocking the chamber of blue, otherwise the Grotto of Hercules, the sealed vault which shut in both good and ill. And, not satisfied with that, he forced the great coffer, watched over by a colossus of brass, and inscribed with the words, "He who opens me will behold marvels." I can't see why Roderick was to blame; most of us would have done the same thing. But, O misfortune! instead of gold and precious stones, there was only a brittle canvas painted with Moorish warriors, armed cap-a-pie, and the dire prophecy that he who had broken lock and spell would lose his inheritance to these swarthy chieftains. That night the tower was destroyed by a tempest, and Spain was doomed — all because, as Gautier, neatly combining both fantasies, wrote, "Roderick looked at Florinda's leg, and descended into a cave."

What have I seen, you ask politely? What

haven't I? My head whirls in jeweled, kaleidoscopic patterns: the sunset from the high Alcázar, the gorgeous *parure* of the Madonna enshrined in Petrus Petri's vast cathedral, the captive chains hanging on the façade of San Juan de los Reyes, Cervantes's old Posada de la Sangre, and all those divine El Grecos. A stark city, but what pomp and ancientry of burial! It is an absurdity to try to know Toledo in the two or three days we are allowing for it. Ten times three days would n't be enough; it is like Rouen, a place where tourists hurry through, and yet, to those wise travelers who linger, constantly revealing new beauties and interests.

Already we have found one little oasis that seems green and alive, the prettiest *antigüedades* in all Spain — or anywhere else, for the matter of that. I have lost my heart to the setting and the contents and the proprietor and his agreeable family. They (the antiquities and the family) all live together in the most charming house, once owned by Joanna the Mad, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the crazy princess who carried her husband's coffin on all her journeys, and left a streak of insanity through the long Hapsburg line. But the house was built on far older foundations, — remember that the legendary history of Toledo dates back of the Flood, — and Señor Ochoa found very ancient coins when they excavated the cellars. I know it was a grief to him when the old Roman water pipes had to be blown

out with dynamite to satisfy his niece's predilections for a more modern plumbing system. In his background he has, however, preserved the happiest effect of distant days; I wish everybody who is building a Spanish house could see the enchanting patio: luxuriant late Gothic columns support the wooden gallery; there are superb *rejas* and fantastic lanterns; in the centre a little fountain talks softly to itself, and, here and there, hydrangeas pick out patterns of rose and lavender against the gleaming tiles.

In America, even if you could find such a shop, the prices would be sky-high; as it is, they are much lower here than in Madrid. Instead of eight hundred and twenty-five pesetas for a single Hepplewhite chair, I could have bought a more graceful pair for six hundred. And there were walnut settees with four suave splats and bending cabriole legs for two hundred pesetas, and a walnut escritoire, lighter in tone, and with delicate marquetry, for four hundred. It 's not only the loveliest *antigüedades* I have seen, it is also the cheapest. Beautiful brocades — Toledo was once almost as famous for its silks as its steel — for about a fourth of what I was asked in Barcelona, and shawls, the Paisley type, but much more engaging, for next to nothing.

I bought just four things: a walnut side chair, with high splat-back, bandy legs, and a split hoof-foot (the kind you know that, in England, is associated with the earliest days of Queen Anne), two charming

A corner in the tiled patio once owned by Joanna the Mad

White Studio

A pair of eighteenth-century walnut chairs from Toledo, rather reminiscent of the French type from which Chippendale elaborated his ribbon backs; a hoof-foot walnut chair bought at Toledo, and a spindle chair of beech from Navarre

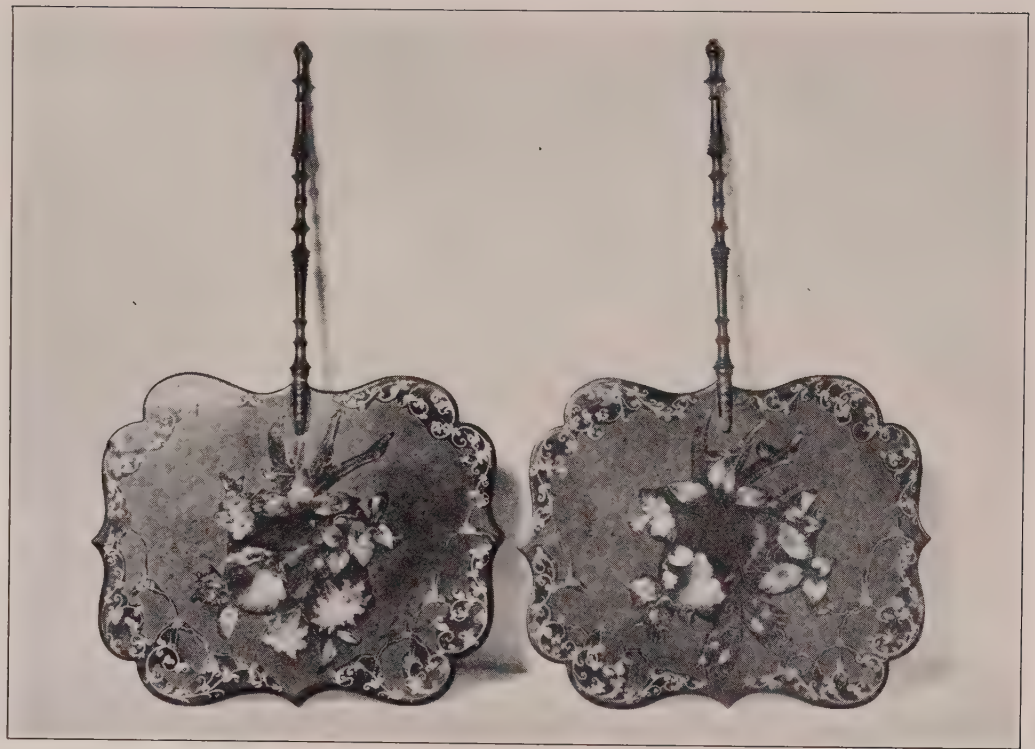
late eighteenth-century chairs, also walnut, a provincial type but reminiscent of the ribbon-backs that Chippendale elaborated from a Louis Quinze model, and an engaging copper lustre pitcher, with a broad creamy band sprigged with lilac. The chairs were seventy-five pesetas apiece, and came from the little hamlet of Escalona, where the great Count Alvaro de Luna had his castle; the pitcher, fifteen, was made in Manises, near Valencia; doubtless after a Staffordshire inspiration, for it is thoroughly English in feeling. These are just a few of the climaxes; I know I could spend days and days here, and dollars and dollars, and although I might deplete the second, I 'd never exhaust the pleasures of the first.

I must stop now, for Orde is calling out that it is time to go again to the Cathedral and to Santo Tomé to look once more at that heavenly "Burial of Count Orgaz." Somewhere, in one of his essays, I remember John Dos Passos speaks of the "infinite gentleness of the saints lowering the Conde de Orgaz into the grave," and I am always amazed at the subtlety with which Domenico Theotocopuli, that transplanted Greek, painted the soul of Spain. There was a little old man who used to sit near us at Martin's; we called him, laughingly, the "El Greco"; now, thinking back to his meek brown eyes, his pointed white beard pulling his long face into a longer oval, I understand what a true Castilian type he was.

To-night we are drinking coffee with the Ochoas at one of the Zocodover cafés, then taking a midnight ramble through Toledo. If I live through it, — I write this realizing the hours Spaniards keep and their general untirability, — I 'll describe our adventures to-morrow.

I 'm still alive, though rather weary and wan, and here I sit scribbling to you when I ought to be trying to find a place in my very much overcrowded bag for the Manises pitcher and two papier-mâché hand screens that I found in a little passageway shop as we were walking like pious pilgrims to Santo Tomé. We drove before, and so missed the Antigua Casa de Balaguer, the shabbiest of shabby shops, but one where I 'm sure that bargains could often be picked up. Certainly the screens were pretty pieces of luck; very charmingly lacquered and flowered with mother-of-pearl, they were only twenty pesetas for the pair. E—— M—— would love them, for they have the artless Victorian quality she so much admires. The *padrona* was extremely anxious that I should not confuse her *antigüedades* with another of somewhat similar name, and gave me a slip of paper printed with full directions, at the top the clarion call, "¡ Ojo, Toledanos, Ojo !" It reminded me of the "¡ Oyez ! ¡ Oyez !" of forgotten tournaments and battles long ago; Spain is like that, you know.

I am glad I got the screens, but sorry I walked a



White Studio

Papier-mâché hand screens, charmingly gilded and with mother-of-pearl flowers, from Toledo

A charming room in a charming Toledo shop

single step; I should have saved my strength for the exertions that were to come. Toledo, like Rome, is said to have been built on seven hills; this is a mistake, for I 'm convinced I counted seventeen, and anyhow I know I never alternately climbed and descended so much in all my life. The hilly streets twist and turn, and every pebble is carefully placed pointed side up. Alicia, wearing *alpargatas*, fared best; Orde and I slipped and slid, though the Ochoas, bred to these acclivities, tripped along like mountain goats. And yet for nothing in the world would I have missed this midnight walk through dead, immortal Toledo. There was no moon, but white, ancestral ghosts went lighting the stars, and by these tapers and the flare of side-wall lamps we picked our way, while Señor Ochoa, who knows his native city like a beloved book, turned the pages of its history for our beguilement. He showed us where subterranean passages, old as the Visigoths, ran down to the Tagus; he told us the diverting tale of El Hombre de Palo, that mediæval robot made by his magician-master to run very intelligent errands; he led us to the Convent of San Clemente, where the King's sister, its great Mother Superior, had the power of life and death, and by reaching out a detaining hand could save a prisoner on his way to the gallows. And we talked to a *sereno*, — hitherto an unfulfilled ambition of mine, — who, with pike and swinging lantern, was on his way to reassure good

Toledanos that it was one o'clock, and all was well. Some of Spain, at least, was asleep; in the dark lanes we almost stumbled over men lying sprawled in front of houses. An odd contradiction, this poorer part of Toledo; apparently, if you have no money at all, you live in an old Moorish palace, or enter your dwelling by portals so gorgeous that, in America, multimillionaires would be building them into their stone châteaux. Once, when we stopped to examine the carvings of a beautiful fifteenth-century doorway, a little burro poked out his head and whinnied protestingly at us; this ruined magnificence was his stable, and no doubt our enthusiasms had disturbed his slumbers.

I never dreamed so much history could be crowded into the narrow space of two hours. Or that even Spaniards — the kindest people on earth — could be so gracious. After we got back to the Zocodovér, and sat drinking *cervezas*, the Ochoas begged us to stay over Sunday so that they could drive us for a whole day through the countryside, to visit the little scattered villages lying on the Vega. What a pity we can't. But I have a husband who rather resembles Time and Tide, and, assuredly, he is not going to wait for *this* woman if she does not immediately cram her antiquities into a suitcase and herself into the impatient station bus.

IV

ANDALUSIA: THE PROMISED LAND

Córdoba

At last — Andalusia! From Madrid a nine-hour journey, tiring, but not at all tiresome. I really think the long Spanish *almuerzos* help to discourage a possible boredom; they do you very well on these trains, although Alicia says she will scream the next time they serve *judías* (string beans smothered in tomato sauce), their constant *pièce de résistance.* Like Adam (Priestley's *Moonshine* hero, not our First Father) I find that lunching, as I rush along through space, becomes a thing of romance, savoring my hors d'œuvres at the summit of the Sierra Morena, cutting into my melon as we run along the Guadalquivir. This is not intended for geographical accuracy; it merely serves to point out the fact that the food on Spanish trains is unusually good, and that you whirl through adventurous lands as you enjoy it.

For the rest, we read and looked out of the window, and my daughter, as is her custom, curled herself up on the cushions and went to sleep. She had to uncurl herself, though, when two men came in at a station a little further down; one, a young Madrileño, going on to the Exposition at Seville, the other, a stout, expansive traveling salesman from

Valencia. The Madrileño talked Spanish poetry with Alicia; the Valenciano — it was unpleasantly hot — divested himself of all that decency permitted, and more than social custom really sanctions, and, beaming on us, chatted about everything. He was very good-natured, and, when he learned that we were stopping at Córdoba, he offered to introduce us at his favorite hotel, and get us special rates. I assure you we made an amusing entrance! Earlier, on the train, we had met one of the pleasant girls we crossed with on the *Megantic*, an enthusiastic Spanish scholar who has just written her doctor's thesis on the *Celestina*. She and her companion decided to join us, and when we entered the hotel bus, waiting at the station, two German ladies appeared out of nowhere, and came along, too. Actually, the amiable salesman presented the appearance of a fat pasha with his entire harem in tow! Never mind; we all got rooms, and we all got reductions, and, although we are not very enthusiastic about our quarters, we adore Córdoba.

From the beginning the city was beautiful; there are none of the expected disillusions as you drive down the wide avenue that flanks one side of the Reina Victoria Park, none of the dreary suburban banalities we endure at home; and, while no Spanish city really straggles, Córdoba commences and ends with rounded perfection. The air had grown refreshingly cool, — even on very hot days mornings and

evenings are delightful, — a red-gold sunset streaked the western sky, and, high in the heavens, swung a thin crescent moon, symbol of the old caliphs. Whenever I look out of my window I can forgive our hotel much: its food which, except for the melons and figs, is very unimaginative; even its extraordinary and exasperating "modern conveniences." For our *matrimonio* gives on a *plazuela* just off Concepción; a very diverting place, it is never completely empty for one hour out of the whole twenty-four. Nor quiet! And yet these are friendly noises: men conversing gravely by the glow of a lantern, a sudden, lilting song, laughter, all much more endurable than the roaring rush of a great city. Besides, in Spain I like to be matinal; it 's much the best part of the day, and I don't in the least mind the braying of the small mouse-gray burros that drag in the carts of vegetables. By eight, when we go out for coffee, the little square has transformed itself into a miniature market-place: you can buy fish or flowers or onions, and there 's one stand where a man and his family fry those crisp *buñuelos*, rather like enormous coiled doughnuts. I wish I owned the great Triana bowl the Señora uses for her batter, écru splashed with greens and blues, and resembling an earthen milk pan multiplied tenfold.

Orde and I, interested, stopped to watch the process, and immediately the *padrón* offered us one, smoking hot. In this swift hospitality Havelock Ellis would trace a remainder of the savage who fears

the evil eye if he eats without sharing his food. It may be so, but since I 'm not a sociologist, I prefer to think it the Spaniard's never-failing courtesy and kindness; already we are deep in their debt. Here 's an instance. You know, ever since Barcelona, we have gone out for our coffee, and the first morning, strolling along the Paseo del Gran Capitán (a fine avenue named after Ferdinand's general, the great Gonzalo de Córdoba), we picked out the best café, and walked in. A waiter came quickly to take our order, the other occupants glanced at us once — that 's all. Later, we found that we had entered the most exclusive *tertulia* in town, forbidden, of course, to any but its members, though always, without question, at the disposal of *forasteros* (foreigners) who do not know the customs. But, in comparison, imagine barging into the Union Club or the reserved Somerset!

The infinite charm of Córdoba! If only I could make you see it, feel it, as we do. A greater contrast to Toledo cannot be imagined; Toledo is built on seven hills, Córdoba lies on the fertile Andalusian plain beside the Guadalquivir; both have had a mighty past, but Toledo is dead and frowns, Córdoba lives and smiles. Thinking of them in terms of color, Toledo would be gray, Córdoba golden. If you like monuments, there is infinitely more to see in Spain's old capital; Córdoba, the heart of mediæval Moslem culture, has been robbed of almost every-

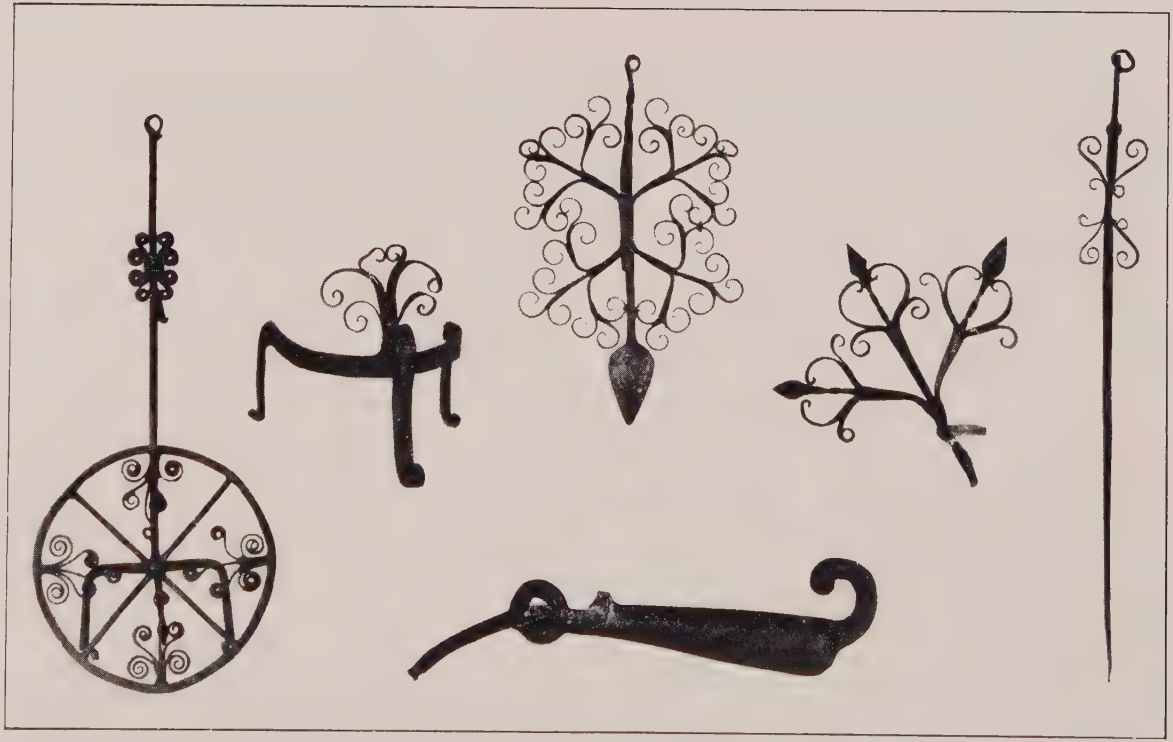
thing but the mighty Mosque. Still, her fascination does not depend upon tangible history; it is incorporate in the city itself. I 'd go back again just to see the red-tiled Moorish houses, the high-walled narrow streets, the beautiful, half-hidden patios. Azorín tried to capture the enchantment in a few phrases: "Córdoba is a little patio paved with tiny pebbles, a white-washed wall with a blue foundation, a haunting fragrance of burnt olive-wood." I think it lies in the harmony of it all! There are many Spains, but this is the one a lively fancy paints: *toldos* stretched across the street to shut out the sun, men swaggering in sombreros and fur-collared capes, gayly rosetted burros trotting along, almost obscured by huge paniers of osier, beggars taking the sun, women hurrying to Mass, their fluttering mantillas caught up by tall carved combs. Apparently age sets no boundaries to coquetry; quite elderly matrons thrust carnations and little bunches of *nardos* (tube roses) behind their ears. And *piropos* flourish. They even come my way; to be frank, not about my surpassing loveliness, but concerning the merits of a printed foulard I wear.

But don't for a moment think that, in my passion for the city, I would disparage the wonders of the Mezquita; in some ways it is the most impressive monument to Spain's great past that we have yet seen. Ruben Darío fancied the Queen of Sheba and Solomon in all his glory quite at home in Abd-er-

Rahman's vanished palace; I can see them set against the splendors of the Mosque. Not that it suggests religion; to my Gothic temperament any place of worship should be the flight of a soul. But I do possess a reverence for sheer beauty, and, with many more worthy critics, I resent Charles the Fifth's high-handed despoiling of its magnificence, cramming that absurd baroque cathedral where it never could belong. Even if he did rebuke the canons, and tell them that they had destroyed something unique in the entire world, that was n't enough; a monarch who generally did what he pleased, he should forcibly have removed it! I blot it out with my mind, close my eyes, and, blinking them suddenly, see again the silver lamps, made from Compostella's bells, shining between the columns of marble and porphyry and jasper. I wonder if the little Córdoba children still believe that the Sultan of Turkey pays a tribute to the Spanish king in order that the Mihrab, the marvelous inner sanctuary, shall never be violated.

One visit to the Mosque is nothing at all; besides, if you don't go again, you may miss Francisco Monroy, dealer as well as guide. He came up to us as we were leaving, and, presenting cards of American patrons, — Orde recognized one professorial friend, — asked us to go with him to see the antiquities at his house. In any case, don't fail to look him up at Badanes, 17, especially if you are

The Mihrab at Córdoba



White Studio

Old wrought iron from Córdoba: a *parilla* and a long fork to twirl it with; a trivet; a pretty *mariposera;* a looped *clava* and knocker

interested in old costumes and beautiful fans. I wish my husband liked masquerades; then, perhaps, I could have persuaded him to buy one of those fantastically spangled toreador's suits, their prices about what we should pay at home to hire such gaudy raiment. I regretted the fans, too, though already we have more than we need, and certainly as many as we can afford.

But I did buy some attractive pieces of wrought iron: an odd hearth trivet, two looped *clavos* (nails), and a pretty *mariposera*, a rather larger contrivance, shaped like a butterfly, with a series of small hooks on the central strip of iron, and ending in a pointed spoon, which has no practical use, I was told, but is symbolic of the married state, just as the *espeteras* stand for betrothals. I now understand why you find so many of them, for it used to be the most fitting gift a lover could make to his lass. The tiny ones, however, are just children's playthings, and very rare indeed. For my four pieces of wrought iron I paid eighteen pesetas; a copper chocolate jug, the lid attached by a chain, was ten; and for five I got a small glass mug with a flowered decoration which greatly resembles early nineteenth-century Bristol, though this was made at La Granja. It was hanging in Señora Monroy's kitchen, a captivating room, so scrubbed and scoured and glittering with bright copper that I know the Andalusian conscience that kept it is quite equal to our best New England variety.

Altogether this is the collecting adventure that has pleased us best. On our way from the Mosque we walked through a tangle of ancient streets that the average tourist rarely sees; you must ask Monroy to take you, as he did us, across the Barrio de la Pescadería. I hope Fate is kind to you, and that you catch the same naïve spontaneous glimpses of life that we did: children, stopping their play and calling out, "¡Oh, el Cura! ¡El Cura!" as they ran to kiss the hand of a tall young priest striding by; a knife grinder, wandering along and playing a melancholy little tune on his flageolet; through an open door a woman sitting and sewing as her beautiful voice rose and fell and wavered through the notes of an old *flamenca*. Alicia and I lingered for a moment to look in at a patio where ripening grapes hung in purply-green clusters, and rosy petunias and a very blue flower that I do not know embroidered a pattern against the white walls. Its owner asked us to come in, offering her garden with a gracious gesture, and, when we praised it, told us that nothing in her patio was half so much to be admired as we who had honored it with our presence.

After all this we found the town's one authentic antiquity shop somewhat lacking in charm. You will go there, of course, for it is directly on the Plaza del Potro, a notorious part of Spain's picaresque map in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and famous besides because Cervantes once lodged there.

A typical patio in Córdoba

The Plaza del Potro, Córdoba

There was an old saying, when thief met thief, "Don't try that trick on me; I was born in the Potro!" Nowadays it seems a peaceful enough place, with women at the colt-crowned fountain filling their jugs through long bamboo tubes — not a romantic method, but highly practical, I should imagine. I bought only one thing at the shop, spending twenty pesetas for a brass cigarette case, four inches long, lightly engraved with houses and fanciful trees, and reminiscent in its workmanship of the engraved boxes you find in Holland. Did Spain influence the Low Countries, or the Low Countries Spain? There 's a decided similarity in silver, too, you know. And I looked at an antiquity for you, a paper cutter in a sheath, the etched design much the same as on my case, but I decided not to get it, for it was very sharp, and not at all the thing for a family of young children to play with. But there was a treasure that tempted me to the bones of my soul, a great gorgeous eighteenth-century *arqueta*, tortoise shell exquisitely inlaid with mother-of-pearl figures; belles and beaus in the dress of seventeen-fifty. Perhaps I ought to make my economies, and go back for it, but if I did I could n't buy anything else in Spain. Two thousand pesetas is such an appalling sum!

Don't be too sorry for me; I drowned my sorrows in an orgy at the Rag Fair. I 'm not sure that this is the official name, for there are merely two or

three little shops at one side of the market-place. The Mercado has ousted the old bull ring that, long years ago, stood in the Plaza de Abastos, and in the arcaded houses, all around the square, once lived the gentry of Córdoba. I wonder what fair mantillaed lady looked down upon the *corridor de toros* from the shop where Ramona Granel now sells her antiquities?

She has no furniture, just old metals, but what bargains! A *parrilla*, nearly as good as the one I missed at Tarragona, for five pesetas, and this price included a long fork to twirl it with; a typical Cordobán knocker (I noticed one very like it on an old door near the Plaza del Potro) for two, and, lumping prices together, for fourteen pesetas more, all this: a skimmer, a tray, a big ladle and a little one, a pan, a Phœbe lamp, and a pair of *clavos*. Still, none of these things compare with the wrought-iron *candelero;* it is the only one I have found, and Señora Granel tells me that they are very rare indeed; she has n't had another like it for months. From the general workmanship I should say seventeenth-century, but I cannot account for the decoration of fleurs-de-lis unless it was a Catalan piece, drifted south. But this I do know, that its price, twelve pesetas, was cheaper than the dirt under my feet.

Señora Granel is very honest; she gave me her prices in reals, coins for which I need paper and pencil, though I can do pesetas in my head. And when I overpaid her she gravely returned me three

reals, with a caution against wasting my money. They are such friendly folk at the market; they pat you on the back when you have achieved an intelligible Spanish phrase, and when you leave shake hands with you, and bid you "go with God." Though I cannot be quite so flattering to the pestiferous troop of little urchins that followed us, hooting, to the car — quite as if we were discredited Pied Pipers!

Transita Pora, who has a neighboring shop, also is worth visiting. From her I bought a pretty brass bell, oldish and two pesetas, and three excellent pieces of glass. One was a flowered bottle which, in the days of my ignorance, I should have sworn was Stiegel; now I know that such enameled flowering was an expression common to most of eighteenth-century Europe. Mine was made at La Granja, and the other two pieces, vases, were from the same factory; again resembling Bristol milk glass, but with softer hues and rather more lavender than the English type shows. All three were five pesetas apiece, a fifth of the price I was asked at the Potro shop, and, of course, miles below any American valuation.

I ought to stop writing this minute, for Orde, as soon as he is dressed, will be hurrying me out to coffee. But I must stop long enough to tell you about my necklace. You know that silver one I wear so often — the one with filigree octagons and

the little twisted dangles? Well, I took it with me to be repaired at a jeweler's where I had found a sweet pair of old paste earrings for Margaret, and when I told the man it had been picked up at the Rag Fair in Mexico City, he insisted that it must either have been made here and carried across the ocean, or done by some Cordobán silversmith who had emigrated to the New Country and continued to work after the fashion of his native town. Interesting, is n't it, the way old things drift back? Farewell! We hasten to crash another *tertulia!*

Seville

Seville is beautiful, exceedingly beautiful, but — will a modern Inquisition burn me for heresy? — I prefer Córdoba. Perhaps it 's the effect of having been a tourist city for generations, a show place too much the cynosure of all eyes, but somehow Seville reminds me of a lovely and sophisticated woman who places a rose in her hair with assiduous skill, then turns and attitudinizes for your approval. Córdoba's wild civility doth more bewitch me than all this preciser art. Córdoba has a deeper flavor, more tang of Spanish salt. Yet I give Seville my fervent admiration if not my warm heart; I know few more blessed experiences than a drive at sunset in a slow-paced *carruaje* past Carmen's old cigarette factory and the Torre del Oro, then swinging round by the Alcázar and the great Cathedral of Santa María.

White Studio

A rare wrought-iron *candelero* found at Córdoba, probably of the seventeenth century

The Giralda, once the muezzin tower of the old Seville mosque

Indeed, there are different hours for every part of the city: very early in the morning before most of the world is awake, I like to slip out of the hotel, cross St. Ferdinand's tranquil square, and marvel at the mighty Giralda, once the muezzin tower of the old Mosque, soaring into the sky. At high noon I would choose the Barrio de la Cruz and the Plaza de Doña Elvira. Under the scorch of the sun the geraniums flare like tiny flames, and the adobe walls arch against molten blue; if you could gather it all in your hand and squeeze it, it would drip color! Later, between five and six, I like to walk in the beautiful gardens of the Alcázar, or linger awhile in the dim Cathedral to pay my respects at Christopher Columbus's dramatic tomb, and watch the windows painting rainbow patterns on the marble pavement. But my favorite place of all is the Casa del Duque de Alba; I 've decided in my next reincarnation to come back as the Duke; it 's not enough to see it — I crave its possession. Washed by the sunlight, those simple, stately walls take on the purple shadows of New England snow fields in late February, and imagine the visual delight of hibiscus flowers, big as hollyhocks and rosy crimson, growing tall against this radiant white background.

From *almuerzo* on till five or thereabouts, we sleep, or read; what is the use of walking abroad and risking a sunstroke when everything, even the Cathedral, is hermetically sealed? For it is hot, hot, hot! But

this is the first really intense weather we have met, and, after all, I have been just as uncomfortable in America: in New York and Los Angeles and Houston, and, even, in Hanover, New Hampshire! Truly, I believe the high reputation of Spanish heat and Andalusian ankles is due to the reports of traveling Englishmen whose own country had never familiarized them with either phenomenon. I always remember what an American friend said when somebody was complaining of the temperature: "You call Spain hot? Oh, boy! You ought to try a summer in Kansas!" As to the ankles, Orde says gloomily that he has n't seen a pretty pair since he left home — and I bow to his superior judgment. I wonder what the men find to stare at so on the Calle de Sierpes, which we have christened the Street of the Eyes. Plenty of *tertulias* here, and stout, prosperous bourgeois relaxing from business cares, but no welcoming hospitality; we 'd never think of going in as we did at Córdoba.

I know I harp upon the perfections of my chosen city, and, that you may not think me thoroughly unjust, I will say at once, for antiquity shops Seville is infinitely superior. A few are closed, though most of them have stayed open on account of the Exposition, and I have shopped around at every one, even tiny unknown places our *cochero*, Rafael Castro Gonsalva, unearths for us. Look him up when you come — you 'll find him at the Cochera Sevillana on

Copper chocolate jugs from Córdoba and Seville

Wrate Studio

White Studio

Rush-seated Empire chairs painted with scenes from *Don Quixote*, and a mahogany sofa of the Directoire type, found at Seville

Mendez-Nuñez — and let him pilot you round; he 's an excellent hand at a bargain. Most of the *antigüedades* lie in the Cathedral Quarter, but I have found a few on our own narrow street; one, just below us, is very good indeed. A bold placard announces the magnificent fact that, in nineteen-fifteen, it was visited by the King and Queen; if they were as lucky as I was, I don't blame them for being its patrons. For I found my sofa here, a Directoire type that fits the three necessary dimensions of my purse, my fancy, and the space I have to give it. It is to go in the parlor where the old green four-dollar one stands, and I know you 'll think it an improvement since, an earlier piece, it falls in more agreeably with my late eighteenth-century interior. The wood is mahogany, the shape very graceful — straight, tapering legs and arms that sway easily back. And, deep-seated, it is more than comfortable — it is luxurious; before I bought it I made Alicia, who wails that I have ruined her social career by the rigidity of my furniture, come in and test it. Her sigh of relief made me get it immediately, and I am as pleased as she is, for it was only a hundred and sixty-five pesetas (under twenty-five dollars), while one, not a whit better, that I saw in Madrid was four hundred and fifty. I wanted some of the old chestnut benches, carved a little and with the hint of a crest, and only eight dollars apiece. But here again my four walls imposed a limitation,

and so the only other thing I got was a copper chocolate pot for twelve pesetas; the same height as the one I found in Córdoba, but ampler-bodied and with a collar of pierced brass.

Farther up the same street there is another small shop where the furniture is good and cheap, but where *bibelots* are very dear. On general chances I think it would be just as well to look in here, and, anyhow, the proprietor says that her fans are the best in the whole city. And that means very good indeed; certainly, if you were buying fans, and did n't mind high prices, Seville is the place to get them. And you don't have to worry about whether they are genuine or not; there are so many fine ones left that faking has n't yet begun. But you should be skeptical regarding the glass here, or, at least, suspect the tales they tell you. At one shop a dealer tried to sell me enameled-glass bottles and mugs, quite evidently made at La Granja, for Moorish glass five hundred years old! Now such glass is exceedingly rare, and locked up usually in important museums or noted private collections; moreover, the early enameled glass was green in tone, and this was white. The result was that I distrusted everything in her shop, and felt very little sympathy for her when she lamented hard times and called the visitors to the Exposition a close-fisted lot.

But she was just one person, and in contrast I present a woman whose antiquities and honesty both

are praiseworthy. Just as in the other shops small articles were forbidding in price, but I could have bought a charming three-backed settee (the Hepplewhite style) and two accompanying side chairs for only five hundred and fifty pesetas. (How I regret my castle in Spain!) We found it very hard to understand each other; neither our French nor our Spanish matched, and finally, in desperation, she sent in next door for Señor Guggenbuhl. Now Guggenbuhl is the best shipper in Spain, his chief offices being on the Gran Via in Madrid; this Seville office is a branch, and the young man only a representative of the firm. Tall and blonde, and very good-looking, he speaks excellent French and Spanish and has a limited English vocabulary, the principal phrase being "*Of* course"; I 'm sure he must think it the equivalent of "N'est-ce pas?"

He was very kindly and useful, and besides proving a facile interpreter, he insisted on hailing a taxi and becoming my guide to a number of shops he knew in the Feria. At one I bought an engaging necklace for twenty pesetas, large white paste cut in a simple design and set in silver. At the second shop, although the stock was interesting, I did n't get anything; at the third I found two chairs that I adore; I parted with ninety pesetas very gladly. Just simple early Empire pieces, finely rushed and with little brass rosettes set at each end of the upper rail; the backs are painted with various episodes

from *Don Quixote*. I wavered between my favorite adventures, and finally settled on Sancho waking to find himself astride a wooden horse, and Don Quixote attacking the mill that he envisions as an enchanted castle. I wanted Sancho tossed in a blanket, but the rush was broken and one of the rosettes gone. These chairs are not Spanish; the little legends printed below the pictures read, "SANCHO PERD SON ANE" and "DON QUICHOTTE VEUT FORCER UN MOULIN," but they have a strong feeling of Spain, and I think they must have been made somewhere in the Pyrenees; they 're really not unlike the painted peasant furniture you find to-day in Andalusia, and certainly I have never seen anything similar in Northern France. And they must have been a common expression, for the man had about twenty of them: some with classic stories, others with scenes from the tender tale of Paul and Virginia.

This shop is far and away the best in the Feria, and the man has also a little place near the Cathedral where he sells very good reproductions of old wrought-iron lanterns, and keeps a few antiquities on the side. For twenty pesetas I bought a small gaming box here, pine painted with formalized roses, now faintly red, and greenish-blue flowers and leaves, set against an oblong of pale green. Inside are four little boxes decorated in the same way; they were intended to hold mother-of-pearl counters, I suppose, but I 'd prefer to use it for a trinket box.

Going back to the Feria — the Rag Fair is held on Thursdays, — unless you are the earliest bird in Seville, the dealers in the district will gobble all the best worms. The only thing I found that was worth getting was a brass candlestick for three pesetas.

If you like old paste jewelry, Linares, near the Alcázar, has some lovely pieces, not too dear, though there 's a shop on Sierpes that I prefer. Alicia looked and longed for — and had to forego — the prettiest gold necklace, studded all over with seed pearls, and worth, I know, far more than the two hundred and fifty pesetas asked for it. And there were some attractive silver *bandejas* (trays), florid, but charming and authentically hall-marked, for about twenty-five dollars apiece. I wish I could bring one home to lay at your feet, but since I can't, and as you and Frederick both love old silver, I am asking you to accept a pair of sugar tongs as a little symbol of what I should like to have done. They 're really rather nice for thirty pesetas; old Cordobán work, elaborately though lightly engraved, and with a little crown at the top. Also, though this I did not discover until I examined them at the hotel, they are marked "L. B." — your initials reversed, you see. The little shop on Salmerón where I bought them has a number of small, inexpensive pieces of silver, and is worth one visit anyhow.

From this detailed enthusiasm I seem to have done nothing but collect, and I admit I have spent a good

many hours haunting shops and noting down prices. But we have had a number of other interests: for instance, several visits to the Exposition, which is not so fantastically gorgeous as the one at Barcelona, but remarkably beautiful nevertheless, and perhaps with more architectural harmony. Spain is rated as a poor country, but when I think that in a single year she can hold two superb and different expositions, both knocking Wembley and the Sesquicentennial into the limpest of cocked hats, I have n't words to express my admiration for her enterprise and vision. Chicago, in nineteen thirty-three, must look to her laurels! We like to go out at night, for the lights, reflected in the artificial lakes and canals, are lovely; moreover, riding on the little railway that circles the grounds is as cool a thing as we can do, and very diverting. We were amused to see two *guardias civils* sitting in front of us; and we still don't know whether they did it to pass the time away or because it was an official duty.

And we have had one memorable evening at the Plaza de Toros, again not at a bullfight, but to revel vicariously in *fandanguillos* interspersed with very sprightly dancing. Fancy, in all that great space, one guitarist and one singer, both audible to the farthest reaches of the arena. Now, a Spanish voice singing a *fandanguillo* is an utterly indescribable thing; a little futile to compare it to vocal fireworks, and yet, somehow, that 's what comes to my

mind; the way the voice soars and swoops and lingers on a high note before bursting into brilliant descending trills. You must hear to understand, but, once having heard, you will never forget. On the whole, the *fandanguillos* were mournful, occasionally religious in sentiment, — but then, religion colors all Spain, — and a few, a very few, were gay and exultant. Little snatches, they remind you of the Japanese *hokku*, very pithy, difficult of translation. But here 's a lively one: "Long live the mantilla and the guitar and the Romany and the flowers, emblems of Andalusia, which is the most gypsy land in all my Spain." Another, in more subdued vein: "I loved you so much that I cut the rose from the garden, and the gardener wept when he saw that his loveliest flower was gone." The audience went mad over songs and singers, particularly a lad known by the affectionate diminutive of "Angelillo"; they called him back again and again, and were still shouting for him when we left at two o'clock.

Our other great event was the Festival of the Virgin of the Kings. On ordinary days this holy image, given by Saint Louis of France to his cousin, San Fernando of Castile, stands in the Royal Chapel, but on the fourteenth of August her celebration begins: first that night by a procession bearing torches and tapers, and blessed by the Archbishop from his balcony; then, the next morning, she is carried by a stately cortège all around the Cathedral. We

scrambled through our breakfast, and dashed over to the Giralda to wedge ourselves into a place of vantage while the mighty bells, La Gorda, Santa María, El Cantor, and all the rest, were ringing their changes wide over the city. The square was dense with a good-humored throng, splashed here and there with the color of fans and gay balloons; small children climbed on their fathers' shoulders, the rest of us stood on tiptoe looking toward the Puerta de los Palos — and waiting. The solemn procession emerged: the Brotherhoods, the Alcalde and the Military Governor, the infantry from Soria, marching to the music of their regimental band, the Archbishop and his attendants, and, at last, the Madonna, *soberanamente hermosa*, crowned, gleaming with jewels, and enthroned on a canopied litter, fragrant and white with masses of spikenard. So Salammbô triumphant was borne, centuries ago, through the streets of ancient Seville! As the cortège passed, little slips of bright paper fluttered down from the top of the Giralda, and I stooped to pick one up, thinking, of course, that it must be inscribed with some fervent prayer. Nothing of the kind! It was just the advertisement of one of the Seville shops! But, again, this is Spain where the dailiness of life and religion walk hand in hand, and never seem to quarrel.

Until Granada! We go there early to-morrow morning, and I must rush to do the thousand and

one necessary last things. Besides, Alicia is waiting for me to go on an earring expedition with her. They are her latest foible, and one that she gratifies in each new city.

I can't let this go by! You know, lately, the papers have been full of arguments for and against *piropos* — the result of an ugly brawl in Madrid after a girl had resented too broad a compliment; some denouncing it as a barbarism, others maintaining that it is a fine Spanish tradition. Well, to-day we read in *La Unión* that the Virgen de los Reyes, who was wearing a magnificent rose-colored robe presented by the Duchess of Osuna, was much admired and received many *piropos* as she passed around the Cathedral. We realize now that they are the most respectable of remarks!

Granada

If I did n't detest *clichés* and sentimental sugarplum phrases, I 'd write you that Granada is a dream come true. I 've never seen a place that more met my hopes, I know, because Washington Irving gave it to me when I was a little girl, and I 've loved it ever since. And when I say Granada I mean the Alhambra Hill, not the town lying in the valley between the Genil and the Darro, those two rivers that, some day, so the children's song goes, are to be married, and have the Plaza Nueva and the

Zacatín as dowry. Not even the Salon, the wide *paseo* that Gautier called one of the world's most agreeable avenues, has really caught our imagination, and the town itself is parched and dusty, and, in spite of the crowds, rather lifeless. Its hour comes when, at night, you look down on it from the Plaza de los Aljibes, and by some magic of distance it has become so clear and white, so trimmed with green and picked out with gleaming lights, that I long for Utrillo to paint it; he is the one artist I can think of who would rightly interpret its beauty.

These charms were revealed to us later; certainly we did n't see them as we rode slowly through the town in a ramshackle carriage, our modest pension being the sort that does n't have a carryall waiting at the station. We were deciding that we did not like Granada when the horses turned up the steep Calle de Goméres, and, passing under Charles Fifth's great triumphal arch, entered the Alameda of the Alhambra, cool and verdant and planted with magnificent elms. I believe this effect of an English park is owed to the Duke of Wellington, who laid it out with the landscapes of his own country in mind; but for the constant greenness give thanks to the skillful irrigation of the Moors, "a people greater, after all, in every virtue of civilization, than those fierce fanatics who expelled them."

Three roads mount the hill: one for pedestrians that swings round by the fine sixteenth-century

fountain, a middle road for carriages, and, at the left, the path to the Vermilion Towers. Then, perforce, we took the second; now, grown more familiar with our surroundings, we come and go by the first road, the oldest approach to the Alhambra. I wish I could coin new words, make you feel how fresh and airy and dappled with shadows is this Cuesta Empedrada, hear the little rivulets running down on either hand, and water murmuring everywhere. They say that in the spring nightingales sing from sunrise to evening, and then from dark to dawn again; it seems like painting the lily; not silly, naturally, but just that such added loveliness could not be borne.

From the fountain it is not far to the first of the massive gates. There are two, and, with the narrow vaulted passage that joins them, they must have made an admirable defense; here, as at Horatio's bridge, three could well stop a thousand. The Gate of Justice, a horseshoe arch, still bears the symbols of the open hand and the key; you remember the legend Irving tells, that until hand grasped key the Alhambra should never fall? Of course it is just an emblem of Moslem faith; the hand signifying the Mahometan law, the five fingers the five basic principles — the unity of God, prayer, charity, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Alas, it could not save Boabdil, but the Alhambra remains, although it has endured much: the clumsy hand of

Charles the Fifth, the occupation of foreign troops, neglect — and now tourists! I am thankful that we, who are part of the last menace, are so few in number that we cannot disturb its repose.

After you have passed through the second gate, the Puerta del Vino, so called because wine once was sold here, you are in the Plaza de los Aljibes (the Square of the Cisterns), at the left the frowning Alcazaba, the thirteenth-century fortress of the Alhambra, now just a blossoming garden, the grimness of its walls concealed by a drapery of blue plumbago. Loveliest in the early morning, or at sunset when the afterglow reddens the snow on Mulhacen, the view from its tall towers is always superb: the rich *vega* lying at your feet, near by the Albaicin and the Generalife, and, more distant, the ranges of the Sierra Nevada. Of late the farmers have been burning over their old crops, and at dusk I like to look down and fancy the far-away gleams are the camp fires of the victorious Catholic Kings at Santa Fé.

On and off during the day we are apt to spend a good deal of time in the Square; it is cool and shady, a very pleasant place for an hour with a book, and, besides, we love the water. There 's a wooden shack built round the well where you can buy a glass for a few *céntimos*, and for only a little more have flattish cocoanut cakes or *barquillos* or *azucarillos* to eat with it. Spanish biscuits are as good as English and much

The Gate of Justice and the fountain of Charles V on the Alhambra Hill

The entrance to the Generalife, the Summer Palace, at Granada

better than American, and you 'll enjoy them, but take warning by me, and don't bite into an *azucarillo*, as I did at Barcelona, under the impression that it was a sort of soft meringue. No, these flinty things are meant to melt in your glass, and although I have n't recovered from my first distrust, Orde is appreciative, and tempers his water with them quite in the manner of Irving's worthy padre.

Another of our discreet amusements is feeding the pigeons; a *perro* will buy a bag of corn, and the birds fly down and flutter all over you, perching on your hat and shoulders and standing on your hands while they peck at the grain. They are the friendliest pigeons I ever saw, but their bills and claws are *very* sharp. I think they live in the great palace built by the busy Charles, who tore down part of the Alhambra so that he might here erect this extravaganza, a double arrogance, since it was paid for by tribute wrested from the Moors. He was always committing grotesque follies, this king who adopted *Plus Ultra* for a most appropriate motto; if something accomplished, something done, earns a night's repose, he always went to bed a happy man. And yet I don't feel the resentment that infuriates me as I remember that violated Mosque; when the hot noonday sun burns through it in arches of blue, and the pigeons preen and strut along the cornice, I can half forgive his Christian savagery.

And I forget it all when I enter the Alcázar, the

magic Palace of the Alhambra, for who could possibly think of anything then but sheer loveliness? It is so beautiful that I cannot venture to describe it; of this I am sure because, for years, I have read pages about its delights, and now that I have seen it every printed rapture falls far short. Even when I am old, and if I never go back again to my beloved Spain, I know that, closing my eyes, I shall see again the lofty Hall of the Ambassadors, the myrtles about the long pool, and the fantastic walls patterned with Arabic mottoes repeating the eternal truth that only God is great. To me it is an alien beauty; I think my temperament would express itself with a more Northern sobriety, but Alicia revels in it all so wholeheartedly that I am convinced, once upon a time, she was a queen in Babylon. But we both agree on the Court of the Lions, those Byzantine beasts that Havelock Ellis calls "delicious"; mindful of the reassuring inscription which promises security, since "life is wanting to enable them to show their fury," I drew near and patted one of them; I really had more to fear from the guard's — and my husband's — displeasure! Droll and rather touching animals, I like to glance back at them from the Hall of the Kings, then turn to look at the alcove paintings that relate the blurred, bright tales of chivalry.

Two cautions! When you visit the Alhambra carry all your legends with you; I urge this because I suffered so when I had to abandon the romantic

Lindaraxa (learning that she was not a beautiful damsel, but a lovely garden) that I have decided to believe in the Myrtle Wreath, and the Moor's Legacy, and Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda — in everything, in fact, except the massacre of the Abencerrages, which I insist was a mischievous story started by Christian propagandists. When you visit the Alhambra try to be solitary, or at least with kindred minds — and a very few of them; it demands peaceful reflection. Here 's a wonderful full moon going to waste, spilling its light over all the deserted gardens, and we can't enjoy it. That is, unless we gather *thirty* chosen souls, and stalwartly invade the Alhambra together. It is too high a price to pay!. Oh, a third warning! Never visit it on Sunday when the entrance is free, and the waters don't run, but all the urchins in Granada do. The same advice applies to the Generalife, the Summer Palace, higher up in the hills; Orde and I were there alone, or rather with only our nice old guide, Enrique Penas, and it was all so calm and tranquilly green. Just the water singing in the fountains and little streams running down the balustrades. I could rest here; it made me think of Wordsworth's "sound of rain and bees murmuring."

Our nearness to all these delightful things is to the credit of our very commonplace pension; we walk out of our front door and we are at the back door of the Alcázar. And it is neat and inexpensive and

quite domestic; we eat all our meals in a little garden where pomegranates ripen above the tables; there 's a fowl run at one side, and in the stables just behind, the gray donkey brays incessantly. Manuela is a very useful burro; in the mornings she goes down the hill to fetch our provisions; in the afternoon Alicia rides her. Then there are some pleasant children of the house for my daughter to play around with — a son studying for the Civil Service and two pretty daughters. They speak English to Alicia, she answers them in Spanish — excellent practice for all of them. Lately some young French Algerians have joined the group, and together, chattering in three languages, they take long walks over the hills, and go to *verbenas* (evening parties) at night. When I indiscreetly asked the son of the house if they were going to dance *boleros*, he replied, a little scornfully, "Oh, no! Fox trots!" Too bad to see America so unworthily conquering Spain.

Another advantage — we are near the antique-ing district. There is a Linares just before you get to the Puerto del Vino, the prices rather lower than at Seville, I should say, and, like its sister shop, full of pretty jewelry. Some furniture, too, and glass that I am more willing to believe might, in form at least, have had a Saracen origin. Green and coarse, it somewhat resembles the German *Wald-glas*, and its texture reminds you of the Jalapa glass made in Mexico to-day. Dillon says it "is essentially a glass

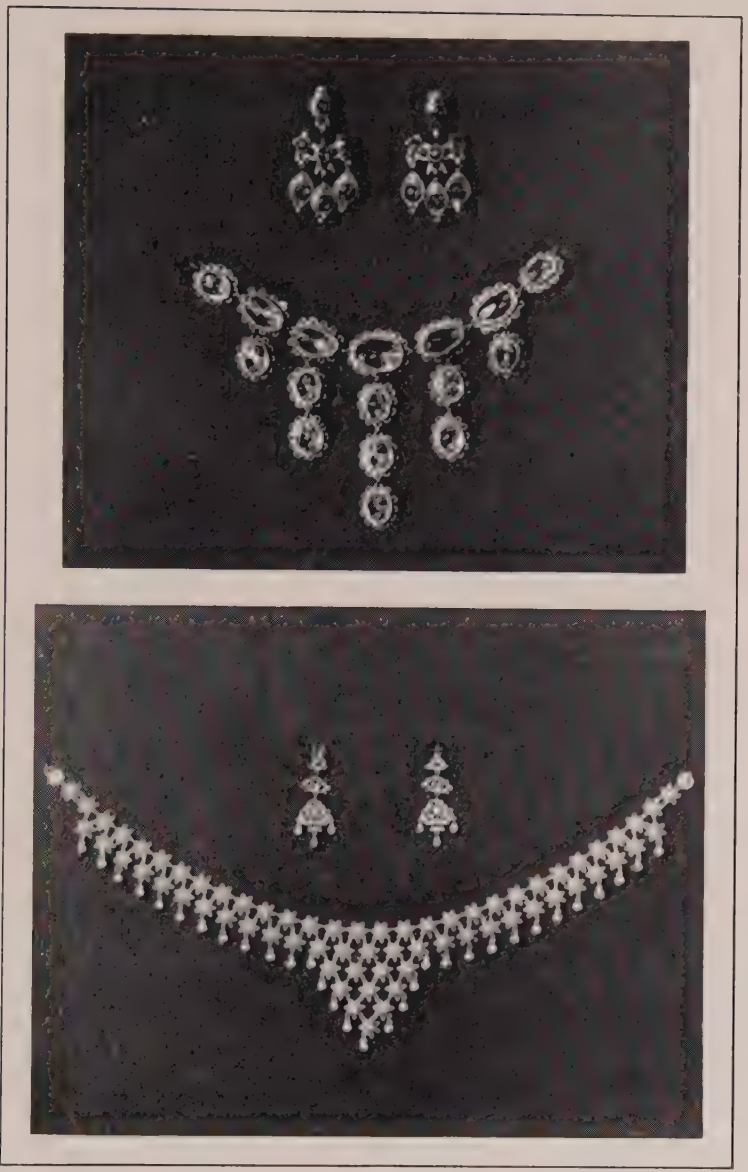
of the people" and "a survival from mediæval times," and, of course, the South of Spain was always a great glassmaking region.

But jewelry and glass notwithstanding, I have resisted any temptations here, and bought my antiquities on the hill street that runs into the town. There are a number of *antigüedades* on Gomerez, some very good and cheap, others as expensive as in the San Jerónimo district at Madrid. An excellent place for small things is a few doors down on the right-hand side; I bought another *cigarrillo* case, something like the one I found in Cordoba, but a little plumper, for twenty-five pesetas, and a dear little pair of silver glove-lorgnons for fifteen. I got a tip, too; the man told me that shopping with a guide meant that I would have to pay the percentage he receives in the increased price of my purchases. Moral, don't take a guide on an antique-ing expedition; besides, he may know shops, but he probably won't understand antiquities. A few doors farther on is another *antigüedades* where the jewelry is lovely — I sighed over rings, Alicia over earrings — and the lace handkerchiefs are the best to be found in Granada.

I think you 'll like to see this lace being made, and if you would, walk on down the street a little and stop at the shop of Ramona Sanchez-Sanchez. In reality the lace is a fine net, lightly embroidered, and it is a very pretty sight indeed to look in at the young girls

working away at their frames like so many busy little Arachnes. Their needles dart in and out, skim through the net, and sketch a rose, a carnation, or a pomegranate, — emblem of Granada, — with a skill so swift it is bewildering. Señora Sanchez has old things, too, for sale, and though at first sight the window seems a tangle of shabby brocades and fans, by poking and prying and hunting through drawers you end by finding a few profitable bits. For seven pesetas I bought a Gaudy Dutch bowl, lustred this time, and far more attractive than anything of the kind I have seen at home, and for twenty Alicia got a silver necklace to go with Margaret's paste earrings. The Señora had a grand tale of its having been dug up in the Alhambra grounds, and gave it an incredible date; I 'm not sure but she thought it belonged to the peerless Lindaraxa! I am a good believer, but I can't go quite so far with her, though I think it may be seventeenth-century and am sure that it shows a decided Moorish influence. I have a liking for such baubles, and I almost wish it were mine; it fits so snugly round the neck, and the six-pointed stars and tiny dangling balls are most engaging.

Then there is a very good small shop just round the corner from Gomerez on the Plaza Nueva. E—— S—— told me about this place before I left home, and recommended it for old metals; it was where she bought L——'s toy *espetera*. But I don't want



White Studio

Paste earrings and necklace bought in Seville; earrings from Córdoba and silver necklace from Granada

White Studio

Silver tongs, eighteenth-century Cordobán work, and a silver cigarette case of the same date, from Granada; two engraved brass cigarette cases from Córdoba and Granada

any more brass or copper or iron, and I was wondering what I could get when the man opened a chest and showed me a pile of Alpujarras coverlets. Up to now I thought that only rugs were made in this mountain district; the coverlets, very much like our Kentucky weaves, but rather finer and always with a linen warp, were a complete and delightful surprise to me. The one I bought — sixty-five pesetas was its price — is a blending of watchet-blue and creamy white, the pattern a variant of the "Cat Track," but the soft fringe is better work than any American coverlet can boast. Some day I 'm coming back again, and, mounting boldly on a donkey, ride all over this little kingdom of poor exiled Boabdil, and hunt coverlets through every Alpujarras village and farm.

I 've bought little else at Granada, just an eighteenth-century silver cigarette case at a jeweler's in the Zacatín, for which I paid thirty pesetas; a trifle larger than the brass cases, the engraving is sophisticated and lacks the artless charm of the more primitive designs. But there is a larger shop, quite the most important one in town, where I could have spent many dollars with a great deal of pleasure. It is on the Carrera del Darro; you pass it as you drive to the Albaicín, where we go for the magnificent views of the Generalife and the Alhambra, and, beyond, to the mountains. But *not* to see the gypsies dance, the most cheaply-tourist graft in all Spain.

When gypsies have electric lights and telephones in their caves, Romance has fled! The shop is really a big old house, full of excellent furniture; I think it must be well known to the trade, for the owner told me that Moragas, the Barcelona dealer, came down to buy from him. I just missed a set of fine Empire chairs, mahogany, — and mahogany is rare here, — which I could have used in my dining room. But although they were inexpensive, — about fifteen dollars apiece, — I shan't regret them too much; they were a little ornate for the simplicity of my other pieces. Spanish furniture, you know, exaggerates just a bit; it is always more so.

Still, I was inclined to get some small walnut banister-back chairs, the first of this type I have seen in all my hunting expeditions. They were formerly owned by an old convent, and I should have bought two or three if I had known where to put them, for they had unusual rails and very fine rush seats. And there were many chests, big and small, painted and carved, none of them too dear, but what I wanted most, and never shall forget, was a *mesa con alas*, the general name for a table with drop leaves and legs swinging round to support them. This had a base in the Jacobean style, baluster and pear turned legs and stretchers, two elaborately carved drawers, and a round top inlaid with lemonwood in delicate ovals spaced with formalized four-petal flowers. At four hundred and fifty pesetas it was a bargain, and since

White Studio

An Alpujarras coverlet of watchet-blue and creamy white

The gate of Almodovar at Córdoba

I can't have it myself, I wish I knew somebody who could.

My antique-ing jaunts have carried us pretty well through the town, and already we are thinking more favorably of Granada. We have found some interesting cafés, and there are a number of streets and squares well worth visiting; you 'll want to see the Casa de los Tiros on Santa Scolastica, the Alcaicería, once the most famous of silk marts, where merchants came from foreign lands, from Africa and distant Asia, and the Corral del Carbón, that miracle of late Moorish art, where they lodged. And I loved the Mercado: mounds of bright vegetables and fruits, and, over one high wall, festoons of purple-red onions that fairly glowed. The Cathedral I cannot judge; it was being generally overhauled, so we merely walked about the outside and admired the Renaissance exterior coldly. But the Capilla Real was open, and we went in to look at the royal tombs and to inspect the Treasury. I have never liked Isabella of Castile, that clever, scheming, very great queen, but I could not but be touched at her sceptre and crown, bereft of the jewels she had pawned to find a New World. I suppose it is the sentimental American in me, returning thanks for the discovery of my country.

Eleven o'clock, and I am not packed yet! Tomorrow we leave at the crack of dawn for a fifteen-hour journey to Madrid, where we shall stay for a

day or two before going on to Ávila. But now, regardless of clothes and antiquities strewn about the room, I am strolling down to the Plaza de los Aljibes to say good-bye to Granada; to look again at the Utrillo that will never be mine, and watch the flood of white moonlight attacking the stern walls of the old Alcazaba and subduing them to gentleness. On such a night even Charles's folly is beautiful.

Alicia has a song of Andalusia, "Emigrantes," and its mournful, proud strains are singing in my mind — "¡Adios, Granada, Granada mia!" But I refuse to let it sadden me — for I am coming back!

V

OLD CASTILE

Ávila

"For what," said Alice, "is the use of a book without pictures or conversation?" And now this Alice is asking herself if you will be saying, "What is the use of a Spanish book without at least one bullfight and a visit to the Escorial?" Oh, yes, there are other minor omissions; we have n't drunk *cerveza con limón*, that amazing combination of beer and lemonade recommended by so many travelers, nor bought lottery tickets, sold at every street corner and flaunted at all the cafés, though these lacks we may yet repair. But from the first my thumbs were down — not in the best arena sense, I will admit — whenever bullfights were mentioned, and Orde and Alicia, originally more hardy of temperament, have been weakening steadily ever since Alicante, when the hero of the town was tragically killed at Inca, and all the populace mourned. The Escorial needs more explanation, though I can give it in one word — Ávila! That wretched pickpocket in Barcelona robbed us of more than money; he stole a whole week out of our lives, and now we are having to economize in two ways. With little time at our command we must be frugal, and it was necessary to

choose between the morose, suspicious Philip and the serene saint, Teresa of Jesus; visit this gloomy eighth wonder of the world, or Ávila standing like "a noble chatelaine, elegant and fine in her corselet of walls."

Our train north from Madrid stopped for several minutes at the Escorial station, and as it pulled out we were able to see the general plan of the buildings; to comprehend the outlines of the vast devotional gridiron, dedicated to Saint Lawrence, that was a-building when Lazarillo limped by on his road to Tejarez. I wanted to jump out and stay for a few hours, — bags meaning little to me and much to my husband, — but my impetuous wish, not our luggage, was checked, and so we only looked and regretted. It is n't a devastating journey to Ávila; we left at eight and arrived before midday, and we were very cool and comfortable. And, though nowhere nearly so magnificent as our ride through the mountains from Granada to Madrid, we traversed an interesting and quite different part of the country: over the range of the Guadarramas; near Guisando, famous for its monastery where the Castilian lords proclaimed Isabella queen and ousted imbecilic Henry the Fourth, but more precious to me because of Don Quixote's bulls, and through the pine forests owned by the Duke of Medinaceli. He has too much, that man; he ought to be satisfied with his lovely house at Seville. It is pitiful to think that

when the Spanish people are poor beyond the American understanding of the word, so much of the land is owned by a few great families.

Our route was what the *Guide Bleu* calls "très accidenté"; we looked across deep valleys to the mountains beyond; being a very wild country, rabbits skipped over the heath, and I 'm sure that a young man traveling with us, armed cap-a-pie in modern fashion, was on their trail. We talked to nobody — an odd thing on a Spanish train — and our only adventures were of the roadside: coppers we threw out to blonde little girls who were standing hand-in-hand to admire the engine as it puffed in; at another stop the revelation of a *guardia civil's* real humanity. They have always seemed such pompous persons, so conscious of their effective uniforms and shiny leather hats, that it was a treat to see one of them greeting his family like an ordinary citizen — kissing his pretty young wife, and shouldering the baby while a three-year-old tagged along behind, clutching at his dangling scabbard.

The town lies about a kilometre beyond the station, and the approach is pleasant, along the Paseo de San Antonio planted with bright flowers, Ávila's round towers and crenelated walls rising before your eyes. It is a small place, under fourteen thousand inhabitants, but very perfect and complete, and the rose-hued granite walls, built in the eleventh century by Raymond of Burgundy, have needed much less recon-

struction than Carcassonne's. Eight gateways, eight and eighty towers, walls forty feet high and fourteen deep — I count them all over as if they were so many diamonds and pearls, for it is my first experience of living in a girdled mediæval town, and I love it; no wonder Hutton calls Ávila "a city out of a Missal." We 're not fond, however, of our hotel; the best in town, — and the best is none too good, — it is quite the most uninspiring we have encountered; a dingy building, though our rooms are large and clean, and when we are in bed we are comfortable enough. Think of being in the land of the olla-podrida (that much debated dish which France maintains was given to Spain when Navarre was a French province, and Spain insists moved north by the same road) and never getting a whiff of its succulent fragrance. There 's no regional cooking here at all; just the general Spanish menu, only somehow flattened out. We marvel that the hotel is so crowded, but really we are lucky to have got in; I believe, when you go to Ávila, it would be safer to write ahead for rooms.

But we are fortunate in our location, being just opposite the west portal of the Cathedral and facing the fourteenth-century towers. Though San Salvador is far older than this date, for it was begun in 1091, and, according to report, completed in sixteen years. Part fortress, part church, built into the ramparts of the town, time has stained its rose-

Ávila, "a girdled mediæval town"

The late Gothic monastery of Santo Tomás, Ávila

granite walls to deeper tones; time has altered it, until all that remains of the ancient edifice is the old apse that resembles a great feudal tower. Two fierce stone lions defend the Cathedral, and these I understand; what I wish is that somebody would tell me what I cannot seem to find in any guidebook, the origin and significance of those huge hairy men, bearing maces, that mount guard over the western portal. You find them repeated again on the old walls as you walk down past the archbishop's palace on your way to the pretty little Rastro that stands on the city's rim and looks down into the valley.

Late in the afternoon this is a favorite gathering place for the good citizens of Ávila to saunter or lounge on seats, and the wide graveled walks are full of small children playing, while their nurses keep one eye on them and the other on the stockings they are knitting. Here I saw my first *corrida de toros*, though of course all over Spain I have seen street Arabs playing at bullfights with crossed sticks, or strips of metal that looked like old umbrella ribs, or, occasionally, with actual horns. This time the affair was more pretentious; there was a toy bull on wheels, as big as a good-sized hobbyhorse; I think he must have been a Holstein, for he was dappled black and white. The toreadors all were quite little, the oldest not more than five or six, and I never could tell who won because they were always getting tangled up and falling down — and starting all over again. It does

seem a pity to begin so young, but still it is no worse than our wooden soldiers.

Walk a little farther on and you come to the Adaja Gate, where Santa Teresa set out with her big brother, Rodrigo, to seek martyrdom in Africa. "We settled together to go to the country of the Moors, begging our way for the love of God, that we might be there beheaded; and our Lord, I believe, had given us courage enough, even at so tender an age, if we could have found the means to proceed; but our greatest difficulty seemed to be our father and mother." Alas for childish dreams! Their uncle found them, and brought them back, and Rodrigo, braver before the prospect of bloodthirsty Saracens than in the direct presence of his parents, Adam-like, blamed his sister. Gone is the house where Teresa lived as a young girl in all the innocent vanities she bewailed, and a baroque convent has obliterated the orchard where she and her brother, foiled of their martyrs' doom, tried to build little stone huts so that they might become hermits, and thus acquire merit.

Santa Teresa fills all Ávila; greater than Ávila, she fills all Christendom, but I wish, in her own city, they would exploit her more beautifully. Shops are named after her; that I do not mind — Ramón Lull had prepared me for it. As it happens I have a favorite friend whose patron saint she is, and, wanting to bring back some token, I looked everywhere to find anything appropriate and beautiful. But such

tawdry gimcracks, such rubbish! Needlecases and paper cutters and thimbles and workboxes, all with crude little pinchbeck images! They do sell *corazóns de Santa Teresa*, small heart-shaped sweetmeats, half cake, half candy, dusted with sugar and flavored with *mantecado*, which, as my family loathes the taste, I must enjoy by myself. But these I could hardly take back with me to America in the freshest condition, and so I had to be content with an *alforja*, woven in stripes of red and yellow and black, the useful double bag that Castilian shepherds sling over their shoulders, and which, since Spain is an eternal place, the Saint must often have seen as she walked about the streets of Ávila.

My collecting has met with the same ill-fortune; there is little or nothing to buy. There are no shops around the Cathedral, no shabby stalls near the Mercado Grande; the proprietor of our hotel had never heard of such a thing. But I craved some tangible memory of Ávila, and by dint of asking a hundred questions, somebody somewhere at last remembered that there was an *antigüedades* on Vallespin. I found it, but it was a lame sort of place; a sixteenth-century Salamanca bachelor would have felt very much at home there, and the *padrón* explained that as he was going out of business he had few good things left. I bought the only one, a heavy linen cloth with bands of cutwork embroidery, nearly fifty inches in length and two feet wide; really a very

handsome piece, and only ten pesetas. I hesitated at first because it was badly spotted, whereupon the man called his wife so that she could assure me it would come out, and we all three went through a merry little pantomime of "this is the way we wash our clothes, all on a Monday morning." Without my two expressive hands I 'd be lost in Spain.

There is no night life here, and we 're in bed promptly by eleven; it seems strange not to see crowded streets, and people up at all hours. By day we stroll around and visit churches, and sit in the Plaza Mayor at one of the arcaded cafés, drinking *cervezas* and *horchatas;* they give you very good potato chips and queer bits of sausage with your beer. As we sit there it is interesting to watch the peasants coming in to market, and, by the way, it is the first time we have seen what could be called a regional costume. The men wear blue corduroys, leather gaiters, broad-brimmed velvet hats, and short velvet jackets; the women long embroidered aprons over very full skirts and gay kerchiefs crossed on their shoulders and tied round their heads. It is a relief to see all this color after the constant, dreary black we have grown to expect.

The air here is keen and cool; in fact, in the early mornings and evenings we shiver unless we have our coats on, and, except for the custom of the country, there is no need to pass the afternoon in the Spanish way. Our improved energies we devote to churches;

White Studio

Cut-work linen strip from Ávila, nearly fifty inches in length and two feet wide

Peasant embroidery from Segovia

White Studio

Ávila has the best Romanesque examples in all Spain, you know: San Vicente, built on the spot where Saint Vincent and his two sisters, Sabina and Cristeta, suffered martyrdom in the fourth century; San Pedro with its glorious rose window; and, in the Barrio de las Vacas, Santiago and San Nicolas. Outside the walls the late gothic monastery of Santo Tomás, founded by the Catholic Kings, lies in the plain below the city. If you are in a tearing tourist-hurry, stopping off just between trains, give up everything but this, even San Salvador.

For before the high altar stands a most beautiful tomb, the marble effigy of Prince Juan carved by Domenico Fancelli. The young Infante died in 1497, just after his marriage to the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and all the riches of their New Indes could not console Ferdinand and Isabella for the loss of Spain's heir. When Isabella lay dying, one of her last requests was that the tomb should be placed in the monastery where her beloved son had been educated, and that is why I wonder if the story of the bereaved parents coming to look down from the choir upon Prince Juan's tomb is not rather legendary. I wonder, too, if the course of history might have swerved had Juan lived and the heritage of half the world not passed to his mad sister, Juana la Loca. And here, at Santo Tomás, Torquemada is buried, though his tomb has been moved to the Sacristy because indignant Protestants, more zealous

than considerate, spat upon it! I had no desire to see it, still less to dance on it, and as I did not ask permission of a passing monk, I have no idea whether heretics are welcome or not. If you are in a hurry, the tourist-hurry I so much deplore, take a taxi down to Santo Tomás, for the road is long and the way is hard; besides, you can then swing around to the other side of the Adaja, and from the Quatro Postes (a tall calvary set between four columns) see the clear-walled city of Ávila spread before you.

P. S. I can't imagine why I am so supercilious as to repeat again those words "tourist-hurry." To-morrow we shan't even be tourists, just trippers of the worst description, for we're going by bus to Segovia for the day! Absurd, but then it is our only chance to see it, for the train connections are deplorable, and we must come back to Ávila in order to get a decent route to Salamanca and Burgos.

Segovia

Yesterday at eight we started for Segovia, a ride of two and a half hours in one of the most uncomfortable busses I have ever endured, its only serious rival being the ramshackly vehicle that used to take us from Le Pouldu to Quimperlé. It was packed with peasants going to market, baskets of eggs and vegetables on their laps, and one man carried a cage of little twittering birds. I can't speak of it as an

easy trip, but it was a very diverting one, and while next time I should prefer a private car, I'd never think of going by train. I even enjoyed the very deaf old Spaniard who persisted in talking to me, and who, since he could n't possibly have heard what I was saying, may have thought I replied in the purest Castilian.

Our way lay through a yellow harvest landscape, although a second crop was coming on and little squares of bright green patched the tawny fields. Reapers looked up and waved as we passed, and I think they must be more progressive in Northern Spain, for here we saw machines for the first time, and elsewhere the work has been done by hand. The sky was blue enamel, and the small villages, huddled together, added their harmony of color, for the adobe walls were deep ochre in tone, the roofs red-tiled. Occasionally, close up against a great chimney, we saw a stork's nest, a delight to Alicia, who has been brought up on fairy tales.

Two of the hamlets, Zarzuela and Villa-Castín, I shall always remember; the first, its name reminiscent of the Spanish operetta, because of a very picturesque *fonda* with a gallery of staring blue runring round the second story, and because, too, we stopped so long that Orde and Alicia in despair got out and walked about among the rooting black pigs and the busy hens that infested the fountain square. I am afraid it was a rather untidy place! Villa-

Castín is more prosperous and important, and has a sixteenth-century church that is worth seeing; one of our bus companions told us that it was built on the plan of the church at the Escorial. Whether it equals its model I do not know, but its beauty was so fine and serene that we could not help being astonished at the sign *No escupir* (Do not spit), placed on one of the stately columns. What a country! You are arrested if you blaspheme in a *tramway*, and told not to spit in a *church!*

From the last hill, before you dip down into the valley, you can see the walls of Segovia standing magnificent on the great rock on which they are built. We clattered in by the aqueduct, that tremendous monument which remains, still carrying water from the Sierra de Fuenfria, to testify to Rome's genius. Trajan erected it, and he is dead and gone, but "the Bust out-lasts the throne, — the Coin, Tiberius"; in any case, peace and honor to his ashes for thinking this mighty thought in stone. It far surpasses any account I have ever read of it. In the Middle Ages when the ancients were regarded as necromancers, and even Virgil himself was rated as a magician rather than a poet, a legend arose that the Devil in a single night had built El Puente to please a fair Segovian lass, by trade an *aguadora*, and weary of her profession. Her hand was to have been Satan's reward, but fortunately, with culpable negligence, he had omitted a few finishing touches;

Photograph by Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.

The immense aqueduct at Segovia, built by the Romans over two thousand years ago without the use of cement

The Alcázar at Segovia

the bargain was off, and the girl married more suitably in her own walk of life.

How I longed to invoke the Powers of Darkness! Or to own an invisible cloak! As soon as we got out of the bus two or three guides appeared from the crowded street, and they stuck like burrs, although we told them that we were going for coffee and should n't start to see the town for half an hour. Talk about beggars being the curse of Spain! They are nothing in comparison with the men who pretend they can show you the sights, but who, in reality, know nothing about history or architecture or religious symbolism. Besides, since every building of importance has its accredited cicerone, these pseudo guides can do little beyond taking you to the door, where the proper custodian promptly dismisses them. But even then, do give them a tip. They 're terribly poor in Spain; it is computed, I believe, that the average family has only a dollar a day to live on.

We compromised with our most clinging vine by letting him take us to an *antigüedades*. He led us to a little restaurant just by the aqueduct; El Tourismo, it is called, and the proprietor not only has a few trifles there, but five minutes' walking up a hill street will take you to a house where he keeps the bulk of his collection. He told us that at present his stock was rather low, for so many dealers had come up from Madrid hunting antiquities. He had

some lovely inlaid boxes both of wood and of shell, but they were very dear, and his linen cloths were three times the price I paid at Ávila. Some chests, too, but very little general furniture, and for the most part his wares were what I had seen before: candlesticks and griddles, brass and copper pots and pans, though not much of interesting wrought iron such as I found in Catalonia and Andalusia. But certainly I should go there again, and hope for better luck; in collecting, as the man remarked, it is always "un día si, un día no." He was very obliging, and gave us the name of another antiquity dealer where we might find what we wanted.

By this time it was close upon noon, and so we decided to take a taxi and go first to the Cathedral and the *antigüedades*, then come back for the nearest equivalent of a quick lunch Spain affords, and afterwards start off again to garner what impressions we could before the bus left for Ávila. See the Cathedral any time you are able; it is the last of the great Gothic buildings in Spain, beautiful in its massed effect, but lacking the lofty peace of Santa Teela at Tarragona or Our Lady at Palma. The cloisters, recently restored, are fine, though very late, and you must be sure not to miss — of course the guide won't let you — the effigy of the poor little royal baby whose nurse dropped him down a cliff, and the tomb of María Saltos, who was more fortunate, for, when her husband hurled her into space,

Jewess as she was, she invoked the aid of the Madonna, and was saved. If you like sixteenth-century tapestries, — I don't, — you may examine in detail the florid life of Zenobia or the warlike feats of Pompey. But if our tastes agree, you will want to spend hours in the diocesan museum; the mediæval jewels and robes deserve careful attention, there is a thirteenth-century Virgin, a monstrance attributed to Cellini, and a rarer collection of incunabula than you can find in the Escorial. A tall priest with a gravely courteous manner, and a countenance both charming and intelligent, showed us the treasures; I think he was as pleased with our enthusiasm as we were with the manuscripts.

My advice about the antiquity dealer is to see him not when *you* please, but when *he* does. Unfortunately, we disturbed him as he was lunching, and a crosser man I never met. He did condescend to lead us through the house, and exhibit most perfunctorily what he had for sale. There were walnut hoof-foot chairs for about the price I was asked in Madrid, a set of rather bizarre Empire chairs of mahogany, too much inlaid, the usual assortment of brass and copper, but no good pewter. That I was hoping for; I have seen almost none in Spain, and I understood why when he told us that, for years, the Germans had been collecting it, and that there was very little left. His best things were his cutwork linens; he had whole drawers full, but I am sure that they had

been altar cloths, and, as you know, I never buy ecclesiastical things.

But I found a few secular pieces, and, remembering your passion for embroidery, Peg, I bought one for you and Tommy and the new house. It is the same length as the strip I got at Ávila, but wider, and the linen is heavier in texture. The work is done with fine wools, in browns dusky enough to be almost black; there is a fringe, and the stitches employed are alternately the satin and the cross. The bands are so heavily embroidered that they give a solid effect, and there are formalized flowers and leaves on the border, precisely in design like the motifs that decorate the Pennsylvania-Dutch towels. Dainty I cannot call it, but I do think it is quite stunning, and very cheap at twenty-five pesetas.

The thing that amazes me is that there is no La Granja glass for sale in Segovia. I have priced it in Barcelona and Seville, and bought it in Córdoba and Madrid, and here, only eleven kilometres away, is La Granja de San Ildefonso, where in 1728 the glass factories were established by Ventura Sit under the royal patronage of Philip the Fifth and his consort, Isabel Farnese. And not an enameled bottle, nor a cut and gilded decanter, nor even a prettily engraved tumbler to be found! I wish they would begin bringing back coals to this Newcastle! The glassworks, as a public institution, flourished for a hundred years; they then passed

into private hands, and finally were closed in 1849. The output must have been large; I know they made mirrors and chandeliers as well as the smaller pieces, although the quality was never considered so fine as that of either German or French glass. But the Spanish monarchs were loyal patrons, and late in the nineteenth century Swinburne describes the great audience chamber at the Royal Palace as being "hung with large plates of looking glass in rich frames," the product of this factory.

The name La Granja gives me, too, another regret; before we left home a Friend-in-Collecting sent me the address of a quaint little inn very near the royal gardens, where, as she wrote, I might wander all day long. Or we could have tramped up the mountain, motored if we were lazy, and, at the top, found an ancient monastery, now secularized, where guests of simple tastes were made welcome. And she added, "A few Spanish families spend their summers there among green valleys, Castilian shepherds, and their flocks." It sounds entrancing, does n't it? A little like the Golden Age!

Scurrying through Segovia! A catchy title for a chapter, but, oh, what a way to desecrate beauty! Yet it is precisely what we have done. After *almuerzo*, and no siesta, — thank Heaven, the day was cool with a quick breeze blowing, — we again climbed into a taxi — and raced. First to the Alcázar, built by Alphonso the Sixth, who took the

older fortress at Toledo for his model; from its tower you look across river and plain to the little round church of Vera Cruz, the Templar church consecrated in 1208 and shaped in memory of the sanctuary at Jerusalem. It was at the Alcázar that Alphonso the Wise, blasphemously suggesting that he could have improved some of the world had he created it, was terrified by a bolt of lightning that struck the castle and shook him into repentance and reparation. And it was here that the unhappy maid of honor let the poor little prince fall from the balcony to the cliffs below, and in her despair, sprang swiftly after him.

Then we swung down to the Monastery of El Parral, lying in the valley, green and soft and with the sound of waters near it; there used to be an old saying, you know, that the orchards of El Parral were an earthly Paradise. A place to linger in! Instead we hurried back by way of the Cathedral and the Plaza Mayor to stop at the lovely old cloisters of San Martín and the Casa de los Picos which once defended its gateway. Even with all this haste Segovia gave us an impression of beauty, but how much more delightful to have taken our pleasures tranquilly: seen the moonlight gilding El Parral's old walls, from the Alcázar tower watched the sunset crimson on the sierra, and, very early in the morning, climbed the little streets that walk up the hillsides near the great Aqueduct.

Going home we were so exhausted that I 'm sure we should have slept had the bus been more adapted to idle ease. Our only adventure came when a young bull dashed out from the underbrush, bellowed and pawed the ground, and shook his head as if he would like to charge us, then thought better of it and, with a departing snort, crashed back into the thicket. Work was over for the day, dusk closing down over the harvest fields; our wheels ground out a sleepy rhythm — Villa-Castín — Zarzuela — the little red-roofed villages and the stork's nests — and, at last, the lights of Ávila.

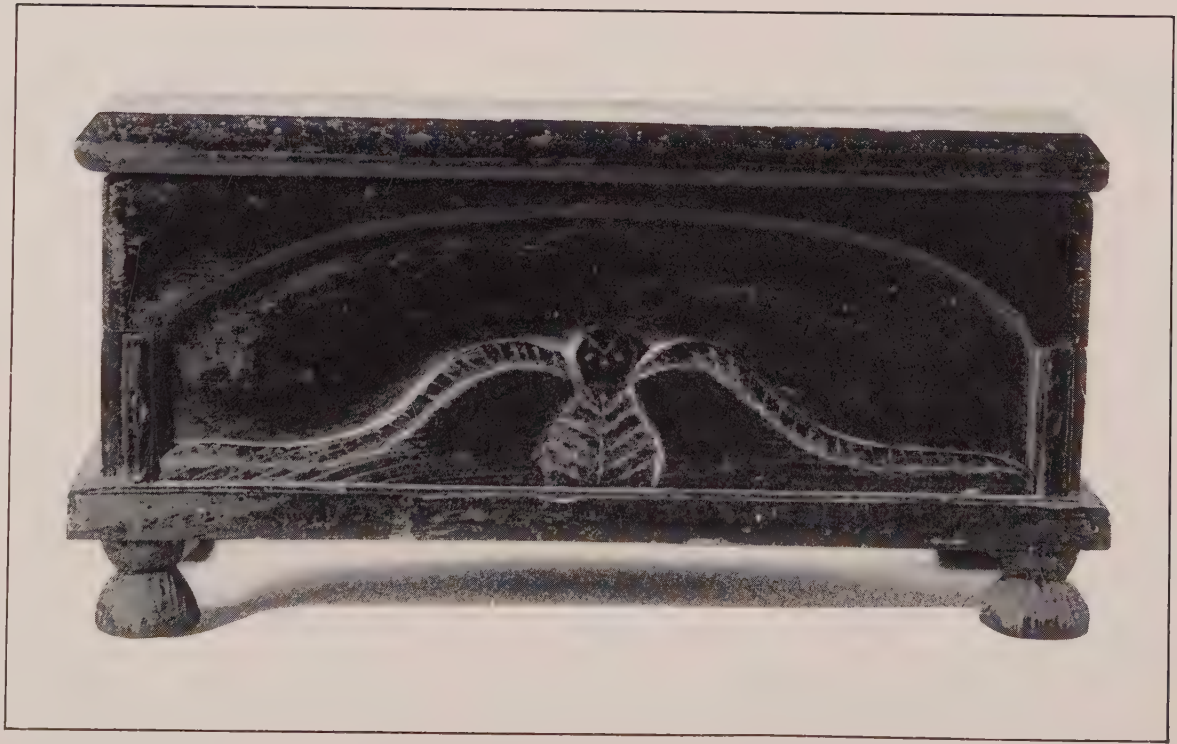
Salamanca

When I was eighteen and romantic, Salamanca, beyond any other city of Spain, symbolized romance to me. You both are too young to have thrilled at Waldteufel waltzes, but though I am here in summer, and no troops of students with more ancestors than they have gold are asking alms of fair mantilla-veiled ladies, the fascination of the name still persists. But I 'll confess that my girlhood dreams were nearly wrecked as we drove up from the station in a conveyance that made the Ávila bus seem like a sultana's litter, for the town begins in ugly fashion, and its mean aspect is not mitigated by the very dirty streets. Moreover, we drove through a cloud of dust and blowing papers, and began to wish we had gone straight on to Burgos.

Still, all this we forgot when we reached the Plaza Mayor, the prettiest, gayest arcaded square in all Spain. Along the walls are medallions of kings and heroes, there 's a bright little garden in the centre with a kiosk where a band plays of an evening, and the small shops are delightful places where you want to dash in and buy all sorts of things. It is the first time I have been really tempted, except, of course, by antiquities. Otherwise the town is dreary; the streets are ill-paved, and the whole effect rather squalid. However, the monuments are very rewarding, and no traveler interested in history should think of missing Salamanca. This Queen of the Tórmes has had a long and varied life: Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, came and passed and left their mark upon her, and since Salamanca is close to the border, it played a constant part in the dissensions of Spain and Portugal.

The old University, founded in the twelfth century, once ranked with the great seats of learning at Oxford, Bologna, and Paris. Now, fallen from its high estate, the enrollment has shrunk to a small fraction of the thousands of eager bachelors who thronged its halls in the days of Luis de León. Even the patio of the Irish College looked forlorn, although this may have been due to the natural emptiness of the summer recess and the heat that had withered the grass. Students from Ireland still come to study at the school that Philip the Second founded as a

Plaza Mayor at Salamanca — "the prettiest arcaded square in all Spain"



A crudely carved pine box from Salamanca

White Studio

religious rebuke to Protestant Elizabeth, who was so constant a thorn in his sensitive flesh. I wish I might have seen them against this alien background.

Like Toledo, Salamanca is a place not just to visit, but to stay in; if we could be here for a week I know its beauty would be more truly revealed to us. Now it reminds me of a woman who once has been lovely, but who has faded under poverty and neglect. Yet we have seen some wonderful things; one, the Casa de las Conchas, an early sixteenth-century building, so called because the whole façade is decorated with pilgrim's shells of wrought iron. The fine doorway is surmounted by lions bearing a shield carved with fleurs-de-lis, and the same motifs appear again in the patio, where, by the way, you must be sure to observe the intricate ceiling of the stairway. I wonder about this frequent use of the fleur-de-lis, and some day I am going to study its significance and place in Spanish ornament.

And the Catedral Vieja is a marvel; here are words that I wish I might have written about it: "The old golden house, through whose walls the sunshine has filtered for eight hundred years till it seems to be built of stone that the sun has stained with its life and made precious, is a building, for the most part, of the twelfth century; the first Mass being said here in the year eleven hundred." I will not say it moved me to tears, but it did inspire me to speak one complete and coherent Spanish

sentence. I turned to the guide and said, "La Catedral Vieja es la más interesante de todo la España." Which, for me, was eloquence! Museum rather than church, a Mozarabic service is celebrated here six times a year, I was told, but somehow it does not affect you as an empty shell, with all life gone, and it is a thousand times more spiritually impressive than its ornate companion, the Catedral Nueva.

If I lived in Salamanca I should go often to the old Cathedral, divide an admiring morning between its peaceful age and Ribera's superb "Immaculate Conception" that hangs in the church of the Agustinas Recoletas. Finer than his Prado "Magdalen," it is not in his familiar manner; when you first look at the canvas, you think "Murillo"; then, examining more closely, you realize that the Sevillian never painted with such strength; it is Murillo with the sugar-sweetness left out, all his soft beauty interpreted with vigor. The "Conception" alone is enough to take you to Salamanca.

The rest of the day I should spend in antique-ing, not just in the shops, but chartering a taxi and a patient driver, and combing the countryside. I know, if I did this consistently, I'd be the richer for embroidered linens and peasant jewelry. The Salamanca *antigüedades* are small, and not in any way important, but at a shop on San Justo I found — and lost — the best thing in some ways that I

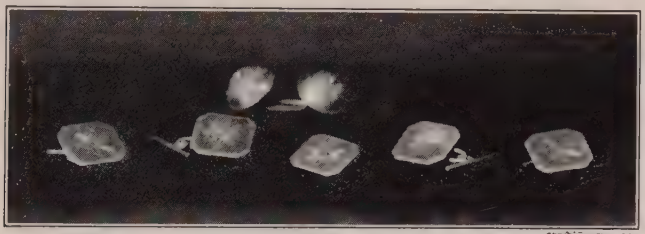
have seen in Spain. It was a large counterpane of heavy, beautifully woven linen that the years had creamed, worked with black wools in strange heraldic devices. In the centre was the double-headed Hapsburg eagle, and there were leopards and birds, and, in one square, a bull-coursing; the men, riding with lances thrust forward, and hounds at their heels, were reminiscent of the early days when the sport, introduced by the Moors, was a nobler thing than it is now. It was only two hundred pesetas, and I should have bought it on the spot but for the unlucky fact that, ever since Barcelona, we never carry much extra money with us, and Salamanca happened to be the one city where there was n't a single bank on our letter of credit's list. I wished we could walk to Burgos! My comfort is that it is quite inappropriate for any bed I own, and it would have to live, folded up, in a chest. But still, in dark hours, when editors proved unkind or my family had scolded me, it would be very pleasant to take it out and smooth its soft texture, and remember Old Castile. The loss has temporarily soured my usually sweet disposition, and after this experience I shall make sure to carry some of my money in traveler's cheques.

And for another two hundred pesetas I could have bought a great brocaded coverlet with gilt fringe, and little threads of gold caught up in the flowered pattern. Early eighteenth century, I should think,

and sumptuous enough to have been used in the grand Casa de los Conchas. In comparison, what I did get will seem, I fear, a bit insignificant. For fifteen pesetas I bought a pine box, a peasant piece about the size of my Mallorcan *arqueta*, roughly carved, but with an arch that suggests the decoration on larger and more consequential pieces. There are fleurs-de-lis in each corner of the top, and in the centre a crest set in branches. A small rectangular mirror is inset on the underside of the lid, and there are more formal sprays, this time lightly scratched and blackened, and the initials, A. M., elaborate and curly.

Then, Jan, I have found some more trouble for you in the shape of silver buttons. (Do you remember how you had to buy a new dress to go with the Brittany buckle?) I hope these will not force you into any undue extravagance, but really, my dear, they would look very pretty with either blue or green. I got them at a jeweler's not far from the Plaza Mayor, and since they were mixed in with lots of others, I had to hunt ardently to find five of the same pattern. Apparently they don't come by the dozen! For the buttons I paid four pesetas apiece, and then, for eight, I got a silver clasp that is really just two buttons joined together by links. Turk's heads the woman called them, and she told me that they were used by shepherds to hold their capes together at the throat, while yours were

intended for their Sunday-go-to-meeting velvet coats. Farther down I found another shop where similar buttons could be bought; I do not believe they are



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Silver buttons and "Turk's head" clasp from Salamanca

great rarities, but they are characteristic of the province, and undoubtedly genuine.

The other trifles I got came from a shop that is a medley of new and secondhand and antique, and they also relate to pastoral life, for they are combination knives, forks, and spoons carved out from horn by the shepherds, who do this work much as a Scotsman knits while he watches his flocks. Both are decorated, the first lightly with scratchwork, stained red and green, the second pierced in a lacy design, and together they cost twelve pesetas. Stretched out they measure nearly a foot; folded, about five inches, and a man could slip one in a side pocket very easily. They 're really no practical use, but they are engagingly odd and represent a sort of handicraft different from anything I have yet seen.

Good night, it 's more than bedtime! A band has just gone by playing one of those Spanish tunes that

are at once gallant and mournful and gay. Our time is almost spent, and already I am homesick for Spain!

Burgos

My dears, if you love little things, pretty things, for almost nothing at all, go to Burgos. I am doubly distressed; first that to-morrow we leave for France, next that I am here with an empty purse and bags so full that "overflowing" is a gentle term to apply to them. I wish I could reverse the conditions! And I don't dare to buy another *capazo*, for already we have three, and while I am not comparing my husband to a camel, I know that a fourth basket would be the last straw. I have found two shops, and bought three things, and wanted at least a dozen. Most of them are in a little place on the Espolón, a very charming park-like promenade, ornamented with fountains and statues, and always full of prosperous-looking Burgaleses. Before I went in I was sure it would be expensive, for it looked like a shop of price, but, praise be to Saint Horace, it was n't. There were samplers and peasant embroideries and silks and boxes, big and small, and silver and paste jewelry — in fact, it kept almost everything an *antigüedades* should keep except large pieces of furniture.

Even then I saw some quaint stools, but, although they were attractive, they were a shade too naïve for any room in my cottage, unless, perhaps, the

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Carved bone folding spoons from Salamanca

The "sampler" drinking horn from Burgos

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kitchen, and there they would be too much under foot — in the wrong, stumbling way, of course. I spent a long time turning over the sampler pile, for I am still searching for one like Mrs. C——'s, an eighteenth-century type with a silhouette bust embroidered at the top. I believe she must have the only one in existence; I have asked everywhere in Spain, and no dealer remembers having seen anything in this manner. On the whole, Spanish samplers have been a disappointment to me; I have been quite unable to find the brilliant bursts of color that are characteristic of the best work. But, like the pewter, they may have been carried away by foreign collectors to brighten other lands.[1]

And yet I bought one, a drinking horn decorated by some shepherd while his flocks were feeding through those endless sunny hours of a Spanish day, beguiling time as a sailor on a lonely sea carves a walrus tooth. You may think it an extravagance to call it a sampler, but in the truest sense of the word it is as much so as if it were painted upon canvas with finest silks, for it is adorned with just the same blending of religious symbols and the dailiness of life that we associate with this country's stitchery. There are bees and butterflies, sheep and goats and a capering colt, birds and spiders, — all the things he saw in the fields about him, — even

[1] In Barcelona samplers were called *tachados;* everywhere else in Spain the name seems to be *marcadores.*

a long hissing snake. Scattered here and there are monstrances, the cock that crowed to wake Saint Peter, a crucifix with its ladder, the nails, and the scourge, while diversions are provided by a young man playing a guitar, a cockfight, and a *corrida de toros*. All three pigtailed toreadors seem placid and calm, and even the bull, though ready to charge, looks complacently mild. The name Gaspar Marcos is etched at the top, and there is a leather handle held in place by squares of brass, and although it is very simple, and the workmanship is crude, I am infatuated with it. It is to hang at one side of my sink as pendant to the big yellow gourd dipper from Virginia.

This was twenty pesetas, and there were several smaller horns for fifteen apiece; when I am back in America I know I shall wish I had bought them all. Then, for eight, I got a pair of silver buckles, solid, heavy things nearly three inches square, and once more with the perplexing fleur-de-lis pattern. This time it is I who will have to buy a dress! But my little inlaid brass box I owe to Alicia, who was hunting on her own for earrings and discovered it at the back of a cabinet. It must have been meant for snuff, for it is the familiar size and shape, and I should place it as late eighteenth century. The brass has a coppery tinge, and the lid is delicately engraved, but of course the real value comes in the small alternate oblongs of mother-of-pearl and tortoise

A Spanish *candelero* which was found north of the Pyrenees

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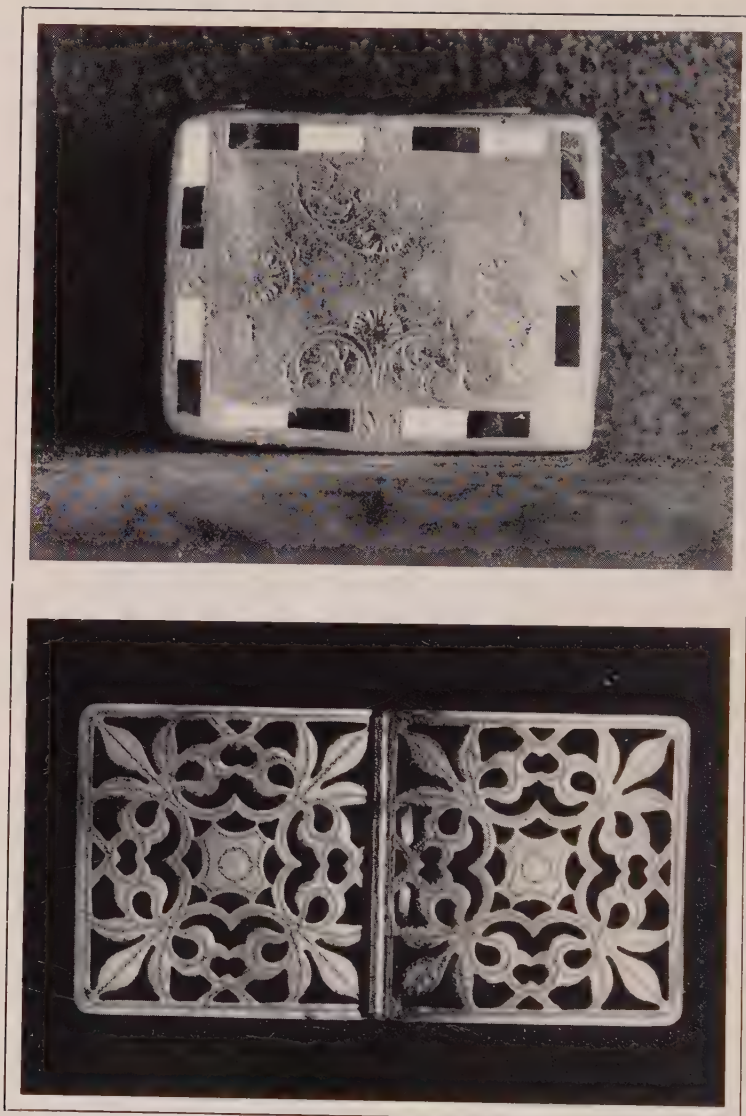

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An engraved brass box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell, from Burgos; and silver buckles, also from Burgos

shell inset around the edge. I can't imagine why it was so cheap — only ten pesetas.

The other shop is just a hole-in-the-wall as you turn into the Plaza Mayor, the sort of place where from day to day something new turns up. Here I was lucky — and unlucky. For fifteen pesetas I could have bought a fine wrought-iron lantern which would have gone very becomingly in our front hall, and Orde would n't let me get it. This is the second time his severity has stood in my light, a wretched joke, I know, but the other lost antiquity was a lantern, too. I saw it at the Rag Market at Córdoba, and it was lovely and typically Spanish, yet sedate enough to go where I wanted to put it, besides being a tremendous bargain. I was sure it was good enough to carry across the ocean, even at the cost of great discomfort to my husband, and my judgment was justified when I found its mate hanging in the famous Casa de Pilatos at Seville. Marriage, my dears, is at once an education and a discipline! But I shall not be baffled, for there is waiting for me in Paris a wrought-iron *candelero* that came from the north side of the Pyrenees, from a province that once belonged to Spain, or, rather, to Mallorca. It is characteristically Spanish, though rather simpler than the *candelero* I bought at Córdoba, and is made up of three curved strips, a sturdy hook and two candle sockets, and measures thirteen and a half by twelve inches. The decoration is not elaborate:

three rosettes on the bottom strip, and two amiable bulls which remind me of the great gorgeous beasts, black as a coal, that I used to see in Seville, solemnly drawing carts and very much trimmed with roses.

That 's all for antiquities; you may like to hear what we think of Burgos as a place as well as an antique-ing centre. It is a beautiful town, nationally as old as the ninth century, when Alphonso the Great made it his capital. And the approach is finer than Córdoba's; the station lies at the other side of the river, and you cross the Arlanzón to reach the city proper. I was glad that our bus had slow-pacing horses, and, for once, a leisurely driver, for the ride along under the arching trees of the avenue was very pleasant, and we had time to observe the women washing their clothes beside a long pool just as they do in France. Burgos is built on a hill, her walls climb up the mountainside, and at first sight, the great Cathedral, Santa María de Mayor, does not emerge with grandeur: houses cluster about its feet, rise up behind it. And yet I like it so; people lived close about Notre Dame in the Middle Ages; there was no clear parvis in the thirteenth century, and these mighty stone picture-books of the poor and lowly were the centre of their humble lives. It is very different from any Spanish church that we have seen; Alicia voiced our feelings by crying out, "Oh, a cathedral-y cathedral at last!" it being a habit of our family to express super-superlatives

by making an adverb out of the noun and then combining the two.

Santa María's corner stone was laid in 1221 by Saint Ferdinand (the third of his name) and Bishop Maurice, an Englishman who very likely had come to Spain in the train of another Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry Plantagenet's daughter who married Alphonso the Eighth. Maurice, earlier than the Cathedral's building, had been sent to Suabia to bring Beatrice, Ferdinand's bride, to Castile, and on his journeyings he had seen and admired the churches that were being erected through France and Germany. No doubt he brought back with him foreign workmen, master builders skilled in the Gothic tradition, and it is due to their craftsmanship and to the good bishop, whose tomb rests before the high altar, that Burgos Cathedral so strongly partakes of Île-de-France architecture. A fabric of the past that was long in the weaving, it grew during succeeding ages; the towers are fourteenth-century, the spires a hundred years later. And the interior is a succession of marvels: the carvings on portals and choir stalls, the glorious golden stairway, and the great dome which Gautier describes as "gigantesque comme une pyramide, et délicat comme une boucle d'oreille de femme."

From the heights of the old Castillo you get the best view of the Cathedral's mass. When it was a proud castle, not a faltering ruin, Eleanor of Castile

was married in its hall to Edward the First of England and here, two centuries before, the Cid led Doña Ximena. The Cid Campeador, Ruy Díaz de Bivar, is Spain's cherished hero; half man, half legend, his fame has been celebrated in countless ballads, and I admit that one of the childish reasons I had for wanting to go to Burgos was to see his vaunted coffer. If you do not know the tale, briefly it is this. Banished by Alphonso, and needing money for his enterprises, he called on his friend, Martín Antolinez.

Since by favor I win nothing, by might then must I gain.
I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers twain.
With the sand then let us fill them, to lift a burden sore.
And cover them with stamped leather with nails well studded o'er.
Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded every nail.
In my behalf then do thou hasten to Vidas and Raquel.

Ostensibly, the chests were heavy with gold and silver and precious stones, the fruits of the Cid's freebooting days, and Vidas and Raquel, Jewish usurers of Burgos, lent him six hundred marks, Ruy Díaz promising to redeem his pledges as soon as his difficulties were over. Some people say that he did not repay his creditors; I am wider-minded, and like to believe he was an honest man; anyhow, in testimony of his fair-dealing, in the Corpus Christi Chapel one of the old coffers is hanging, its ruddy leather dim, its gilded nails black with age.

There are a hundred other things to see in the

The Esplanade at Burgos, with the Cathedral in the distance; the Arco de Santa María, Burgos

Photograph by Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.

A street scene in Burgos

Cathedral; a week would not exhaust them; I am putting down in my mind certain favorites against my next coming. And then, of course, you will want to go to the little Provincial Museum; there are some remarkably fine tombs — the kneeling effigy of Juan de Padilla, Isabella's page, is superb — and curious fragments gathered from the old churches and convents of Castile. The Museo adjoins the Arco de Santa María, the great gateway surmounted by two towers and four turrets which, since it was built by the rebellious *comuneros* to appease Charles the Fifth, has afforded a niche for his statue as well as more authentic, earlier Spanish heroes. Any city might well be proud of it.

The reason why we have been able to take in so much in so short a time is because we loathe our hotel and never stay in it a moment except when we are eating and sleeping. It is very native, and therefore interesting as an experiment; one, however, that I should n't care to repeat. And although it is crowded by the cathedral clergy, — who are supposed to know good cheer, — the meals are very bad; they confirm a report I heard before I left home, that the food of the Castilian shepherds goes back to the Stone Age. Ours, you see, is just a step up! I am sure we are the only foreigners who ever stayed here, for neither pleas nor tips availed to get us ice. I 'll give the hotel a good mark for one thing, though — I liked the raw ham.

It has been raining hard, our first experience in this constantly sunlit country. There was a spatter at Barcelona, we rode through a light shower at Madrid, but this was a real downpour, so heavy that Orde had to leave us in a café on the Espolón while he dashed back for the umbrellas we have never needed before. But now the sky is a clear sombre blue, and Santa María's towers pierce a spangled canopy. Our last night in Spain! Burgos is the gateway by which most travelers enter; to us it is the portal through which we shall pass, not abandoning all hope, but with hearts filled with regret at what we have missed, and overflowing with joy for what we have seen.

LIST OF SHOPS

Barcelona

J. Moragas: Plaza Catedral, 2
The very best place of all, and really cheap, although deceivingly grand. An interesting shop apart from its antiquities, too, for it is a fourteenth-century building, once part of the Cathedral property. Especially good for fine, representative furniture; I found, later, that Moragas buys pretty well all over Spain.

L. Corominas: Bajada Santa Clara, 2
The rather junky little shop I first went in. Worth trying.

María Esclasans: Calle de la Piedad, 10
A much grander place, but with very much higher prices. The brocades were lovely, but expensive; the furniture not so dear.

Cecelia Farré de Fontquierni: Calle de la Piedad, 8
The pleasantest of all these Cathedral shops, the place where the young girls wore cool gray, and where I saw the interesting trays and the snuff box.

Llorenc Vallmitjana: Banys Nous, 9
A small shoplet, but with a number of good pieces of furniture, all quite inexpensive.

Carmen Pérez Peiró: Calle de la Paja, 25
I remember thinking her things rather high, but I also recall seeing some pretty pieces of lustre and some good brass and copper.

Feo. Duer: Calle de la Paja, 27
Even if you do not buy anything here, you should at least ask for his card — gorgeous; it looks like an illumination. The furniture was very interesting, but unfortunately there was a very dumb assistant in charge, and since he could tell me the price of nothing, I do not know whether his fine *armarios* were bargains — or quite the reverse.

Manuel Soler: Calle Florida Blanca, Barraca 6
The most diverting place of all; always full of bargains — stencil trays, Betty lamps, brass candlesticks; indeed, metal most attractive, and more than I can name. I advise my Friends-in-Collecting to haunt his shop. Wednesdays and Fridays are the days.

M. Alonzo: Cortes 409 and 411

Riding out to the Exposition, the sign "Hierros y Metales Viejos" caught my eye, and I stopped to investigate. It 's just a great junk shop of old metals, but there is always something for the collector. And, of course, the prices are nothing at all.

Tarragona

I have n't the card of the junky place, but it is just as you come down the Cathedral steps. You might take a chance, though I found nothing that tempted me beyond resistance.

M. Costas: Calle Mayor, 44

This is the shop that advertises *Antigüedades Precios Muy Limitados;* the woman's wares are chiefly ecclesiastical, and, although some of them are very good, they are all most expensive.

And the junk shop where I bought the *picaporta* and the brass bowl is on Calle de Trinquet Nuevo, on the right-hand side as you go across from the Cathedral.

Pollensa

Señor Bastard, the local photographer, a real artist, has a few antiquities always for sale: chairs, excellent copper, and charming Mallorcan tiles.

Palma

Jerónimo Casas: Paseo del Borne, 41 and 43

Here this dealer has old metals, some glass, tiles, bits of brocade, and so on, but it is his warehouse, Calle Teatro Balear, 55, up one flight, that is more fascinating to the collector, for everything that is in the other shop is here, too, and lots more besides. It was here that I bought my mulberry-wood settee, my three walnut chairs, my adored inlaid box, and other charming things. Very cheap and very reliable. But you 'll have to put the fear of God into him about packing; two of my crates looked like derelict chicken coops on an abandoned farm when they reached Hanover. And I may add that, if you want a shipper to handle your goods in this part of the world, Transportes V. Bertrand, S. Lida, Paseo de la Aduana, 23, Barcelona, is a worthy firm, although much more deliberate than Guggenbuhl of Madrid.

Valencia

Señor Joaquin Cuquerilla has a rag-fair stall, quite close beside the Lonja. You can get odd tiles, very cheap, and good metals, brass, iron, and copper, from him.

Augustina Villata: Calle Puñaleria, Casa, 10

Just a hole in the wall and squalor itself, but the prices are cheap and the old woman who runs it very amusing. One of her cherished beliefs is that Valencian is a real language, Catalan only a dialect; another that daylight saving in Spain is a terrible mistake; "God knows we do not need more hours of sun," she insists. I bought my Manises plates from her.

Jaime Forné Comas: Calle Zaragoza, 23

This man has a very good shop of modern faïence, but he knows someone from whom you can buy old pieces, and who will bring them to your hotel.

Enrique Gomis: Calle Naquera

I have n't the number, but anybody can tell you which house it is. Here he has a few good pieces left from his former stock, — he now makes reproductions, — and I 'd go just to see the beautiful interior of what must once have been a very grand house indeed.

Evarista: Calle de Rerias

A secondhand shop, the place where the sleepy proprietor insisted that if I liked antiquities, I 'd be interested in him. Worth trying once, anyhow.

Alicante

Manuel Alfaro: Riego, 3

Chiefly furniture, prices cheap, though rather higher than at Palma. But this dealer has many "blind spots" in regard to furniture age, and the astute collector should find bargains here.

Carmen Cilez: Mantengon, 612

A private apartment, three flights up, crammed with all sorts of antiquities: glass, china, lace, and so on. Her fans are beautiful.

Juan Bautista Esqueredo Ortiz: Sagasta, 33

The odd little complimentary man has this shop; not very much, but his prices are nothing at all, and you will find him most diverting. And rather pathetic!

Madrid

In the first place, Gustavo Guggenbuhl, Avenida, 5, Pi y Margall. The best shipper in Spain, he speaks all tongues.

E. Terol: Valverde, 1

Just off the Gran Vía, this shop is kept by a most intelligent young man, whose judgment is thoroughly to be relied on and whose prices are very fair. He has spent ten years in England, a great advantage to the halting American collector. Also, he is correspondent of *Art News*.

C. Sanz: corner of Prado and Santa Catalina

This is one of the expensive shops, but there are some very charming things for sale.

Luis Siravegne: Calle del Prado, 19

An excellent shop, but with super-excellent prices; very good if you don't have to count the cost. He has a tremendous and varied stock.

Viuda De R. Gutiérrez: Prado, 5

A black corner on the card marks her widowed state. A fine stock of small things: glass, silver, fans, shawls, boxes, and jewelry. Her prices, on the whole, are high, but she will come down, and you know Spanish dealers expect you to bargain.

Santiago Lopez-Maroto: Prado, 10

On the whole the cheapest good place in the expensive district. He is very honest, and, although you must pick and choose, you will like certain of his things very much: his Alpujarras rugs are fine and not at all dear, and he has charming small tables and peasant chairs. I bought my Navarrese spindle chair from him.

Mercedes Vasquez: Jardines, 5

She is as nice as her name, and her stock is full of delightful bargains. I should certainly go to her for fans, peasant jewelry, old silver, and *mantones*.

Manuel Placer: Puebla, 19

A junky place, but cheap for pretty fans.

Faustino Usallán: Ribera de Curtidores, 7

This is one of the shops at the edge of the Rastro, and very much finer than anything the Caledonian Market or the Marché aux Puces has to offer. Here I bought my lacquer box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the small pie-crust tray.

Torribio Vincente: Ribera de Curtidores, 33
Lots of engaging things, though not so many as at the other Rastro shop. This was where I saw the tray, flowered all over, and the pretty silhouette frame. And where the *chico*, left in charge, could n't tell me the prices because his "father had gone to Madrid"!

Francisco Viudal: Prado, 5
He describes himself as *Libro-Anticuario*, and has some charming books and old prints.

José Manuel Delgado Gonzalez: Cervantes, 3
I bought nothing here, but only because there was nothing that quite suited my needs. In some ways it is the best shop I found in Madrid; very fine walnut and oak, and some excellent pieces of mahogany, rare in Spain. Don't fail to go here, for the proprietor and his pretty wife are so pleasant, and with very little Spanish you can get along; they understand pantomimic gestures very well.

Antonio Viudas: Cruz, 10
Very good jewelry, fans, and fine beadwork. Middling prices.

Eusabio Borja Castro: Huertas, 68
Do not misjudge him on account of his relationship to Lucretia. You can find good brass and copper in his secondhand shop for very little.

José Alonzo Somera: Echegaray, 12
The place I bought the pressed-glass plates. The woman had lovely embroideries from Salamanca and Estremadura. And the furniture was very good and very cheap for a shop in this fashionable antique-ing district.

Arte Popular Español: Santa Catalina, 10
Closed in summer, but friends who have been there tell me the embroideries are well worth while.

Rodriguez Jimenez: Prado, 15
Antiquities very lovely, but prices very high.

Fabriciano Pascual: Plaza de Santo Domingo, 20
Expensive, but many good things. The best pressed-glass candlesticks with ormolu mounts I have ever seen.

E. Torres: Cuesta de Santo Domingo, 6 and 8
Principally furniture, a great many interesting peasant cupboards of the hutch variety. But also the most charming *arqueta* (large

box or small chest, just as you please), lacquer, beautifully gilded, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. I'd go there on the chance of such occasional pieces cropping up.

Exposición Quesada: San Mateo, 15

You must not miss this place; a little hard to find, so take a taxi; besides, you'll need it to carry away the pretty things you'll find there. It was here that I bought my La Granja decanter and the tall cut carafe.

Córdoba

Juan Rodriguez Mora: Plaza del Potro, 14

The one definite shop in Córdoba. Very uneven prices; most of the things you want are for the idle rich. Ten thousand pesetas for a carpet, two thousand for an *arqueta*, tortoise shell inlaid with gracious nacre ladies and gentlemen in eighteenth-century costume. Still, this box was worth it. Here I got my engraved brass cigarette case for twenty pesetas.

Francisco Monroy: Badanas, 17

He is a guide to the Mosque, with an excellent reputation, and many American patrons. He probably will speak to you while you are sight-seeing, and don't hesitate to go with him to his house, for he has all sorts of delightful things: ironwork, fans, costumes, glass, and faïence. Naturally his prices are low, and, moreover, you get a glimpse into a typically Andalusian interior. I bought a number of things from him.

Ramona Granel: Plaza de Abastos, 34

This is the address of a woman who keeps a tiny hole-in-the-wall shop at one side of the market. Luck! You never saw anything like it! And she is very honest, and immediately gives you back small coins if you have overpaid her — a very easy thing to do in this confusing currency.

Transita Pora: Plaza de Abastos, 30

A neighboring shop in the Market Quarter. Less wrought iron and copper and brass, but sometimes very great bargains in La Granja enameled and milk glass.

Rafael G. Ripoll: Concepción, 33

A modern jewelry shop, but he also has old silver ornaments for sale.

Seville

José Otero Ruiz: Mendez-Nuñez, 1
Excellent furniture very inexpensive indeed. I don't blame the King and Queen of Spain for buying there. My sofa, for a hundred and sixty-five pesetas, will always warm my heart to this shop. And if you like simple chestnut benches, just a trace of carving or a crest, you can get them for a little less than eight dollars.

Juan Munoz-Lopez: Mendez-Nuñez, 12
Quite high for small things and *bibelots*, but the furniture is good and inexpensive.

Viuda de José Babio: Salmerón, 20
Jewelry shop where they have very pretty old pins and earrings and bracelets, also old silver, for quite reasonable prices.

Encarnación Dominguez: Hernando Colón, 15
As usual in Seville, high prices for small pieces, much less for furniture. I remember a delicate Hepplewhite sofa with three carved backs, accompanied by two chairs, for five hundred and fifty pesetas. Her fans are fit for a museum.

Luis Esquival Jimenez: Feria, 52
This shop is in the market district, and he has a warehouse full, too. Look about, and you 'll be sure to find something you want.

José Jimenez Maza: Feria, 14
Again a medley; prices rather high, especially for trays.

Manuel Ortega: Feria, 78
This I liked best, of all the Feria shops. (He has another tiny one near the Cathedral.) I bought two naïvely charming Don Quixote chairs from him for ninety pesetas. And a painted gaming-box at the shoplet.

B. Taravillo: Sierpes, 31
A modern silversmith's, but, as usual, an excellent place to find old jewelry and silver. And although I could not afford them, his prices, for many Americans, would be next to nothing.

Carmen Bueno: Hernando Colon, 11
Some pretty pressed glass and trinkets. If you bargain well, you can get her to reduce her prices by half. Or so I hear; I, myself, did n't have much luck.

Abelardo Linares: Plaza del Triunfo, 4
One of a number of "chain shops," perhaps an irreverent way to speak of antiquarians who have been in business a long time in

Spain, but in nearly every important city — Granada, Madrid, and Seville are just some of them — you will find a Linares shop. I liked their old paste jewelry best, and thought it reasonable in price.

Teresa Lazo Guijarro: Escuelas Pías, 5, second floor, number 14
Excellent modern embroidery for the most part, very much cheaper than you can buy it in the shops, and occasionally some really old pieces. I was taken there by Rafael Castro Gonzalez, an excellent guide, for he will drive you round, and find you cheap shops at the same time. Ask for him at the Cochera Sevillana on Mendez-Nuñez. He does n't get on your nerves, and he is a very handy man at a bargain.

Granada

Linares: Alhambra, 64
Another one of the " chain shops." Good jewelry, good glass.

Ricardo Torres: Gomerez, 39
This shopkeeper speaks English, and is most reliable. He does not encourage guides to bring tourists in and then get a rake-off — for which you eventually pay. He has excellent small things at low prices.

José Sanchez Perez: Cuesta de Gomerez, 31
Again English is spoken, and once more the proprietor is obliging. He has good jewelry, not too expensive, and the prettiest handkerchiefs, I think, in all Granada.

Ramona Sanchez Sanchez: Gomerez, 5
Bargains! The woman sold Alicia that lovely silver chain for twenty pesetas, and I bought a lustred Gaudy Dutch bowl for seven. It 's worth while going in just to see the pretty little maidens in the workroom, threading their skillful needles through the fine Granada lace.

Nicolas Farjado Arcos: Carrera de Darro, 23
The biggest and — for furniture — the best shop in Granada. Prices moderate.

Manuel Arrufat: Plaza Nueva, 1
Little furniture, but good metals and excellent Alpujarras coverlets. Most inexpensive.

J. Antonio Don Lopez: Zacatín, 11
A modern jeweler's, but a very good place to find old silver and ornaments.

Toledo

Luis G. Ochoa: Plaza de San Agustín, just opposite Hotel de Castilla
The prettiest shop in all Spain — or anywhere else, for the matter of that. And the people who keep it are equally delightful. The house — the shop occupies several rooms — was once owned by Joanna the Mad, but it stands on a much older Roman foundation. Señor Ochoa is an antiquarian of note, and he loves Toledo like a son and knows it like a book. His antiquities all are well chosen, and, given a place to put them, you would want them all. And his prices are unbelievably low.

Antigua Casa de Balaguer
I am sorry I cannot give you the exact address, but it is the little passageway shop I found while walking over from the Cathedral to Santo Tomé. I bought my two papier-mâché hand screens here for twenty pesetas.

Ávila

Eugenio Benigno: Vallespin, 8
Not very much here, but I did buy a lovely linen strip inset with lace, for ten pesetas.

Segovia

El Tourismo: just at the end of the Square and the Aqueduct
This is a restaurant, but it is kept by a man who has an antiquity shop in his house, and who will take you there if you are interested.

Ricardo Garcia Mediavilla: José Zorilla, 89
Again a shop in a house. Good linens, some furniture, and everything quite reasonable. But don't go while he is at lunch, for then he is so cross at being disturbed that he hardly shows you anything.

Salamanca

German Gazol: San Justo, 4
A very good shop, especially for peasant linens and fine brocades. This was where I saw the counterpane that forevermore will reproach my dreams. And where I bought my rustic pine box.

Etelvina Garcia de Arriba: Zamora, 27
Half old, half new; some furniture, pretty peasant costumes, and oddments.

Hijo de Elena: Rua, 6
Jewelry, old and new; very good peasant buckles and buttons.

Casimiro Brizuela: Rua, 1
Much the same sort of shop as the one above.

Burgos

Paula Lopez: Espolón, 20
One of the most delightful shops I found in Spain, and an abundance of pretty, inexpensive antiquities. I wish I could have spent five hundred pesetas here, not just thirty-eight. But never did so small a sum go farther.

San Sebastian

First let me say that if Monte Carlo is the bleeding place for millionaires, San Sebastian is for collectors. The two shops that I mention are very grand — and so are you, too, if you can afford to buy anything there.

Hijos de Arteche: Plaza Bilbao, 2
Expensive!

Aquilino Chaves: Avenida, 4
Super-expensive.

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